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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 15 OCTOBER 1982 • No 4,1

As a result, the model is able to capture the nonlinear relationship between the variables and the response variable. The model is able to capture the nonlinear relationship between the variables and the response variable. The model is able to capture the nonlinear relationship between the variables and the response variable.

3. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1038.

The case for empathy

Brigid Brophy

STEPHEN R. L. CLARK

The Nature of the Beast: Are animals moral?
127pp. Oxford University Press.
£7.95.
0 19 219130 6

I reached the conclusion that animals are persons at the same age (two or three) and by the same route (entering relationships with those that came my way) as I reached the conclusion that humans are. I remember making an intense effort to convince myself that "lamb" was one of the many English words I was at the time discovering to have two quite different meanings. Only this could I acquit my parents of the atrocity and, incidentally, the hypocrisy that were implied if the amusingly stilted legs of the creatures they bade me, on our trips to the country, befriended in the fields were identical in substance with the leg of lamb they bade me eat up at Sunday luncheon. From the moment my attempt failed it was intellectually inevitable that I should become a vegetarian.

This second experience of mine comes within the compass of Stephen Clark's last book, the first within that of his new one. In *The Moral Status of Animals*, published in 1977, Dr Clark, who is a lecturer of Glasgow University, cast the eye of a moral philosopher of Aristotelian inclination and expertise over the morality—or, rather, as he conclusively shows it to be, the immorality—of the whole range of exploitative treatment that humans inflict on their fellow animals of other species. Against that literature and imaginative book, which constitutes a coherent philosophy of the animal liberation movement, I made at the time only one tiny complaint. The "status" in its title seemed poised ambiguously between an active and a passive sense: did it imply that the status of animals is such as to compel us humans to behave morally towards them or did it imply that they themselves had the status of moral things? The book in fact deals with our moral obligations towards them, but I suspect now that Clark's thoughts were already considering the two questions as interdependent. It is the second question that his new book tackles, its sub-title asking explicitly "Are animals moral?"

Most children, by the way, would probably answer that question "Yes"—if, that is, to suppose someone capable of behaving immorally implies that you think him capable of morality. A study by Alan D. Bowd of Riverina College, Australia, published this year (probably after Clark's book went to press), finds that 91 per cent of the five-year-olds he questioned in Canada considered that "animals can be naughty". The majority were ignorant of "the reality of killing animals for meat". Or perhaps they were unwilling to admit it really. They seem to have begun already on the self-deceptions that adults regularly adopt to justify atrocities. Whereas 76 per cent answered "Yes" to the question "Do most animals love their babies the same way that your mother loves you?", only 31 per cent considered that animals experience pain in the same way that humans do.

It is from this kindergarten point that Clark begins his far from childish meditation, the point where "we have all (as it were) woken up to find ourselves embroiled in a world where very different creatures compete or work with us, recognize our footsteps and remember places that we have forgotten". About all these creatures he says, "we have to decide how correctly we are reading their 'expressions of love, anger, fear or doubt', and we have no more reason to mistrust our readings when they concern creatures of other species than when they concern humans, though obviously we should be on the lookout for items that are species-specific and though we can, in the case of both beasts and men, be mistaken.

Such mistakes do not, he remarks, prove "that we can never rely on our senses", since "my evidence that I am sometimes mistaken is precisely that I

am not always mistaken", since "the whole notion of seeing is drawn from the public realm in which we see stones and trees and people" and since "we perceive creatures in the world... doing things, and our perceptions cannot be isolated from our awareness (sometimes but not always erroneous) of their purposes".

The burden of his book is to dissuade scientists, and in particular ecologists and sociobiologists, from the notion that they are doing something scientific when, discounting the awareness that goes with perceptions, they try to adopt "aspeptic" attitudes and vocabulary in their accounts of animals' behaviour.

It is unfortunately easy to pick out the biologists in a gathering largely of philosophers: they are the ones who raise sceptical quibbles about any postulate, urge that we never know what anyone else is thinking, that morality is only a matter of inarguable taste, that only what is "scientifically verifiable" has any meaning. These dogmas, invented by philosophers, have few serious philosophical advocates today.

An attempt to describe animals "without too much of empathy, solely in terms of what they 'do'" may, he says, be acceptable as a professional discipline, but if scientists forget that it is merely a convenient convention and allow it to expand into the assumption "that animals have no inner life", no purposes of a human kind, then it goes beyond what can be reasonably asserted and is in danger of doing violence to the true facts of animal existence. It is, I incidentally suspect, in an attempt to borrow the modern prestige of science, but an attempt which has, sadly, picked on a pseudo-scientific rather than a scientific trapping, that some novelists have persuaded themselves that it is more realistic to describe a character as slitting in front of two vertical pieces of wood with a horizontal piece placed across them than to admit that reality includes the perceptions which the novelist and his readers share of the "public realm" and of the human purposes of craftsmen and manufacturers and simply describe the character as sitting at a desk.

His spirit is not in the least schoolmarmy, but what in effect Clark presents is a well-documented survey of present ethological thought in which he points to the places where muddled concepts or concepts adopted without recognition of their limits are making a nonsense of science. After all, if you deny that animal life consists of consciousness, communication, co-operation and adherence to truth, you are proclaiming that science, an activity of human animals, is impossible. Clark's exercise, is of practical and moral, as well as academic, value. What you might call the de-anthropomorphizing myth about animals, which is at present peddled in the name of science, provides a justificatory background to the atrocities we commit on animals, violating their bodies and souls along with our own moral principles, and it introduces a much grosser distortion than Aesop's anthropomorphizing fictions ever did into our appreciation of animals' true nature.

Clark points to the muddles that result when biologists confuse "function" with "goal", when they use such terms as "aggression" and "dominance" in senses that are both non-colloquial and imprecise (and that are open to distortion into right-wing "expert" propaganda) and when they expect living systems to correspond to ideal models derived from Galilean models of moving objects: and

Epitaph for a Good Mouser

Take, Lord, this soul of furred, unblameable worth,
This cur of all I loved and caught on earth.
Quick was my holy purpose and my cause:
I'de into the mercy of thy laws.

Anne Stevenson

disruptive forces. He shows that it violates sense as well as decency to suppose that you can construct, with a living organism, an experiment that alters, by mutilation, only one faculty at a time. He remarks the many cases where evolutionists forget evolution and behave like believers in special (though for one species only) creation, assuming a discontinuity between humans ("free", "intelligent") and the animals with whom they share an ancestry ("genetically programmed", "instinctual"). He demonstrates that the biological arguments that can be used to banish altruism from animal life can equally be wielded to show egoism to be impossible. He protests against the unscientific habit, of which not only scientists are guilty, of ignoring the individuality of animals: "Ethologists (and all of us) talk far too much about what 'the wolf' does, or 'the chimpanzee', thus hiding from ourselves the actual diversity and uncreatability of living forms." We forget, but Clark reminds us of, the genius among macaques "who found out how to separate wheat from sand

by throwing handfuls of the two combined into the sea". An evolutionist who is mindful of evolution, Clark identifies "the central problem of mammals" as "what to do with the males?" (This question, which sets problems for mammals in their own social organizations, is also what makes it impossible for humans to exploit them—and birds—at once humanely and economically. It is the question that inevitably turns vegetarians like Clark and myself into vegans. You can't eat milk and eggs without conniving at the killing of the male animals who can produce no marketable commodity except their very selves.) In the solutions to that central problem that are put forward by the diverse social organizations of mammals Clark seems to locate an evolutionary growing point, or flexibility point that may be the source of our particular human susceptibility to culture, which, as he points out, often appears supererogatory from the point of view of evolution. (I hope that, in perceiving this in his perception of the problem about the males, I am not

The apes of Arnhem

R. A. Hinde

FRANS DE WAAL

Chimpanzee Politics: Power and Sex among Apes
223pp. Cape, £8.95.
0 224 01874 4

This excellent book achieves the dual goal which eludes so many writers about animal behaviour—it will both fascinate the non-specialist and be seen as an important contribution to science.

The study of animal behaviour had to escape from the excesses of out-and-out subjectivism and anthropomorphism. The rise of modern ethology was due in large part to the realization that, although the behaviour of animals may be beautifully attuned to their way of life, it is often apparently stupid in ways that force us to think of it as mechanical and reflex-like. The intricacy of the behaviour which enables a songbird to rear its young is incredible, but how can a parrot be so stupid as to ignore a youngster who falls out of the nest, or to rear a cuckoo? Ethologists properly adopted a rigid economy-of-hypotheses approach: behaviour must be explained in terms of the simplest possible mechanisms, without imputing human subjective states or cognitive capacities. This of course introduces a bias—explanations can never be too complex, but they can be too simple. It has in fact recently become clear that ethologists have often tended to underestimate the abilities of the animals they studied, and especially those of the higher primates.

But this does not mean that the economy-of-hypotheses approach is the wrong one. It certainly does not mean that ethologists should wallow in anthropomorphism. The dangers that beset the interpretation of animal behaviour can be illustrated by an observation of Jana Goodall's. When trying to catch a monkey, male chimpanzees may isolate it in a group of trees and then each stands at the foot of one tree, blocking off all possible avenues of escape. This looks like cooperative hunting; but, as Jana Goodall pointed out, each male could be playing himself in the position where he is an individual stood the greatest chance of "catching" the monkey, without any intention of

cooperating. "Cooperative hunting" might describe the end result, but could have no implications about mechanism. For such reasons, there is much to be said for stripping explanations of behaviour down to their bare essentials, adding complexities only when necessary.

But there is another problem. Complex cognitive abilities are often exhibited in individual solutions to particular problems. If each individual solves a problem in his own way, the statistical tools properly beloved by the ethologist may be unable to detect any effect on the average behaviour of the individuals in the group. One solution to this difficulty lies in impeccably documented descriptions of the behaviour of the individuals. From such descriptions one can assess just what cognitive abilities are "reasonably necessary" to explain the behaviour. The accumulation of such instances must in due course indicate the sort of level of complexity at which the animal functions.

It is here that the importance of Frans de Waal's book lies. It concerns a group of about twenty-five chimpanzees living in a two-acre enclosure in the Arnhem Zoo. The animals' behaviour has been carefully recorded by a succession of students, and de Waal provides a precise but eminently readable and indeed exciting account of the personal fortunes of several of the individuals in the colony over a period of some years.

Although this is a breeding colony, it is not a natural situation. In Arnhem Zoo all animals are enclosed in an area large by zoo standards but small in comparison to their natural ranges; a female was born for a while; and food is provided. According to the work of Jana Goodall and her colleagues in Tanzania, to nature each mother and her offspring would be occupying a small home range, overlapping little with those of other females, whilst the males would range, alone or together, over an area embracing the home ranges of a number of females. In nature, no group bossed by a female has been recorded.

But that is irrelevant to the theme of de Waal's book, which does not try to generalize about chimpanzee behaviour, but to document some of the complexities observed in this particular group. The focus is on the struggles which resulted in the rise to power successively of three males, Yeroen, Luit and Nikkie. The struggles for power involved not just these three individuals, but many others too in coalitions and apparent subtle manipulations which, over periods of months or years, resulted in gradual swings of allegiance; these underpinned the confrontations between the current boss and his would-be successor.

This complexity requires de Waal first to present his dramatics personae. It is easy for the layman to imagine that all individuals of an animal species are pretty much alike—an extension of the traditional European view of

offending his manifest and honourable feminism.) He finds it significant that our various human cultures have not broken apart and formed new species but have left us still all of the same species, capable of interbreeding. It does not disagree. Cultural groups seem to be patent attempts at or moves in the direction of new species. The language barrier that hedges in a cultural group is, so to speak, a barrier to interbreeding. I do, however, remark that, although we Homines Sapiens are now, we have not always been the only humanoid species.

Perhaps it is from the ethical systems he discerns in the other species that our human moral systems have evolved. There are clearly speculations of an evolutionary character gathering at the tip of Dr Clark's pen. I trust he will articulate them in a further book. For the present, however, for that is, in the next five years or so, this book contains matter quite enough to engage the thoughts and the imagination of readers philosophical, scientific or common.

Chinamen. Nothing could be further from the truth. Careful observation reveals consistent differences between the behaviour of individuals. The way in which de Waal describes these consistencies are worth noting. Sometimes he uses objective behavioural terms—Nikkie's "Intimidation displays are characterised by spectacular leaps and somersaults." Often he uses a human analogy: Puist "behaves in a childish fashion now and then." "Mama enjoys enormous respect in the community. Her central position is comparable to that of a grandmother in a Spanish or Chinese family." And sometimes he unashamedly ascribes human characteristics to the animals: "Besides this malevolence, Puist has another trait which we might call deceitful or mendacious." The purists may shy at this, but it seems to me a useful way of describing the complex behaviour these animals show without necessarily implying all the complexities of Machiavellian manipulation.

Much of the book is taken up with descriptions of the events that led to two power take-overs, the dynamic nature of the apparent stability in intervening periods, and the variety of ways in which sexual privileges were gained and granted. These chapters illustrate an important point: development in the studies of non-human primates—the emphasis is not so much on what individuals do as on their relationships with each other. The individual characters described earlier are seen in interaction—and the resulting rivalries, coalitions and manipulations are described in detail. De Waal adds to the evidence that chimpanzees may lie to gale their rivals, describes the tantrums that they show when frustrated, follows conflict and reconciliation, demonstrates disrespect and opportunism, respect and jealousy, telling tales and friendship, and all this against a background of the complex network of relationships between the individuals in the colony. It would be impossible to achieve this without using the words we usually use to describe the complexities of human social intercourse.

The reader may occasionally feel, as I did, that de Waal occasionally goes too far. But at the same time he takes greater care than most popular primatologists to document his evidence: the reader can understand why de Waal used the labels that he did, and can form an independent judgment on the degree of cognitive complexity it is necessary to impute to chimpanzees to explain the behaviour they show. The conclusion is clear: de Waal's data completely demolish previous "knowledge" about chimpanzee behaviour to reveal a degree of cognitive complexity which will surprise some, but not all, primatologists.

The title is unfortunate, but a comparison between two of the great and China-Soviet relations apparently prompted the writer of the foreword, who is less critical than the author, to suggest it. A pity, but it does not detract from the whole.

HENRY KISSINGER

Years of Upheaval
1983pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson/
Michael Joseph. £15.95.
0 7181 2115 5

Metemich, Bismarck, Disraeli, the classic trio of great "foreign ministers" were not in fact foreign ministers but chief ministers, heads of their respective governments; and Talleyrand too was in practice a chief executive at the time of his main achievement, at the Congress of Vienna. For some foreign ministers properly defined, the example of those figures has been unfortunate, tempting them to try to steer the ship of state without having its command. Unable to include domestic affairs within his own sphere of responsibility, lacking in authority over the military chiefs, the foreign minister who is no more than that must depend on the chief executive to sustain his policies—often while being his rival, real or suspected, and correspondingly likely to be undermined at crucial moments.

No wonder then that those foreign ministers who have tried to forge policies as deep and as broad as those of the classic trio, or have sought merely to imitate their fancy diplomatic footwork, have been doomed to failure. Schemes of policy aborted halfway, or just as disastrously diverted into unintended paths, and a diplomatic tone made up of dissonant voices fatally off-key (obstinate when firmness was the aim, or merely weak when a yielding resilience was intended)—those have been the usual results of ambitious ministerial foreign policies. Wiser men placed in that office, or those simply less ambitious, have been content to manage affairs from day to day, with no real scheme of sustained action. Such ministers are held in high esteem by their departmental officials, since foreign ministries everywhere are structured not to make policy but rather to avoid any departure from continuity.

In such cases, the foreign minister is merely the chief administrator of his country's diplomacy, the executor of policies made by others (who may know too little of world affairs to set the right goals); or else he becomes the keeper of established policies, shaped by the circumstances of the past and lovingly preserved. That may seem a prudent enough course to follow, and so it is—but only for the minister himself, who can thus easily avoid blame for the failure of any new initiative. For his country and government on the other hand, a policy that preserves continuity because of sheer inertia can easily turn out to be very costly, and may even become highly dangerous, since powerful forces far more active than foreign ministries are loose on the world scene, and these will demand either some adjustment, or else energetic reactions.

With modern states so organized that foreign affairs are the concern of

specialized bureaucracies, and with the enormous growth in the domestic activities of all governments, the stage is set for the systemic failures of foreign policy characteristic of our century of wars: the press of domestic matters prevents the chief executive from devoting sufficient attention to foreign affairs while, on the other hand, the foreign minister lacks the wide-ranging authority that the exercise of his function properly requires, notably control over military policy. This systemic defect has been a major factor in the spectacular foreign-policy disasters of our times: August 1914, shared by all and notoriously precipitated by the crippled departmental diplomacy pursued by Britain, France and Germany; the inter-war French failure that resulted from the fatal disharmony between an alliance-building foreign policy based on the lesser powers around Germany, and a military policy which renounced the offensive capability needed to protect such lesser allies (which could jointly have diluted German strength on many fronts in May 1940, if the French had protected each in its own moment of danger); and since 1945, with war between the Great Powers duly avoided by the awesome fears that nuclear weapons so beneficially evoke, Great-Power wars against lesser enemies—notably the Anglo-French Suez adventure of 1956 and, on a far greater scale, America's war in Indochina.

In the case of Suez, the Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay were left as the impotent spectators of (British) military planning that ignored the realities of world politics: if the deed could be done at all, it could only be done swiftly, and not by the leisurely process of a full-scale amphibious landing mounted by an armada that steamed slowly across the full width of the Mediterranean (Eden's promise was the easy removal of Nasser; the military premise was that the Egyptians could only be defeated by a large-scale war—and the blatant contradiction was not allowed to disturb the decision). As for Indochina, there the worthy aim of resisting Hanoi's imperialism was perverted by all the follies of excess and bureaucratic self-indulgence that a luxuriously well-supplied military structure could devise, because there was only McNamara's scientific misunderstanding of war to provide it with guidance. Instead of a coherent foreign policy from which purposeful military directives could be obtained, when such a policy was finally achieved under Henry Kissinger, Hanoi was brought to the very edge of capitulation, belatedly saved only by the unreasoning domestic opposition to the war which all the errors of the past had by then engendered.

We can therefore recognize the most important factor that has enabled Kissinger to become a true successor to the great "foreign ministers" of the past: thanks to the combination of Nixon's virtues and of his great

The sinuous diplomatic dancer

Edward N. Luttwak

weakness, Watergate, Kissinger was able to act more or less as a chief executive during 1973-74; his elevation to Secretary of State on September 22, 1973, merely registered—and grossly understated—his effective control over America's external conduct. To be sure, with a president sinking into impotence as a result of the daily unfolding of the Watergate scandal, any respectable and competent figure could have enjoyed security of tenure as Secretary of State, since his resignation would have inflicted another great wound. But if Kissinger

Congress originally created to make itself more powerful in foreign affairs. But Kissinger, by reason of his personal authority and bureaucratic cunning, received much more than his share of the power that ineluctably flowed out of Nixon's afflicted White House, becoming steadily more powerful within the executive branch just as the executive in *toro* was losing ground to Congress. By the end, of course, Kissinger's pre-eminence had become hollow, since the executive he was able to dominate was itself

then manifest in the form of Congressional budget-making and restrictive legislation. Less than a decade has passed since those days and yet it is already very difficult to credit one's own memory: did so many academics, journalists and politicians really believe that the Viet Cong was an autonomous entity, dedicated to national liberation? Did they truly regard the Khmer Rouge as an improvement on Lon Nol's régime? Did they actually consider Hanoi's rulers to be men of benevolent temper? Of course they did—and since the dead and the deceivers are still very active on the American scene, the mystification must be perpetuated in one form or another, to protect reputations made or amplified by opposition to the war.

In a society that is forgetful as well as forgiving, names that ought to evoke scorn still claim respect: one thinks of Richard Nixon among the academics (not to speak of the deservedly forgotten band of the "Concerned Asia Scholars"), of Harrison Salisbury and the author of *Fire in the Lake* among the publicists; and then, of course, there is that whole crowd of columnists and reporters whose professional standing was acquired in the days when Nguyen Van Thieu was ousted with Hilder and Lo Duc Thu was presented as a latter-day Jefferson. This was the guilty elite that greeted William Shawcross's *Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia* with such purposeful enthusiasm, since its distortions and documentary manipulations (relied in audacious columns and lengthy, uncritical reviews) served so well to obfuscate the obvious, namely that opposition to the war in Cambodia resulted in the victory of a régime which was, quite simply, homicidal. Conclusive evidence that the leaders of the Khmer Rouge acted by long-standing design was disregarded by Shawcross, who continually insinuated that it was the American bombing (of areas largely uninhabited, but used by North Vietnamese troops) that somehow transformed "agrarian reformers" into assassins. Only people with a very guilty conscience and with a whole past to live down would have fallen for such myth-making, but then of course those characteristics do define quite accurately a large slice of today's opinion-making elite in the United States: hence Kissinger's documentary appendix, which is meant to expose some of the more glaring distortions in the Shawcross book.

The chapter itself is a record of Kissinger's visit to Indochina. Much of it deals with his time in Hanoi, where he encountered leaders for whom the Paris Agreement was merely a stopgap-measure to further war, and war to the finish. Readers of the first volume of these memoirs will already have made the discovery that Kissinger can write rather well, having made the brief character sketch something of a specialty. If Kissinger has a weakness as a writer (a weakness which may



Masking tapes? Kissinger and Nixon, one of 190 illustrations from Gerald S. S. (1982). Thames and Hudson. £6.95. 0 500 27268 9.

had been merely that and no more, the chances are that he would have achieved little of anything in his office, since the potential for departmental onychy built into the American system would then have asserted itself without a lively presidential effort, each department will naturally tend to stifle the initiatives of all the others. The system of "checks and balances" of which the Americans are so proud was meant to apply to the branches of the government and not as between the departments of the executive branch, but it is manifest in great strength within its confines: thus the Americans can boast of the world's most elaborate machinery for immobilizing in foreign affairs, especially now that each huge bureaucracy can exploit for its own obstructive purposes that whole jungle of restrictive legislation that

becoming important. But in the interval, before the second devolution caught up with the first, Kissinger had the opportunity to act more freely than any other modern Secretary of State. *Years of Upheaval*, the second volume of his memoirs, tells us what he made of the opportunity. And he did so much that the 1,214 pages of the book (not counting notes, index and a documentary appendix) are scarcely excessive, even though they cover a period of only nineteen months or so.

The first substantive chapter of *Years of Upheaval* reviews the deteriorating state of Indochina, afflicted by the relentless pressure of the North Vietnamese and their then allies on the ground, and by the equally destructive consequences of American domestic opposition to the war, by

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perhaps also be reflected, if only dimly, in the doings of the practitioner) it is that he tends to magnify the character of his subjects, and especially of his antagonists, so that Pham Van Dong the provincial-minded bureaucrat of violence becomes the dedicated revolutionary, and fanatical stubbornness becomes an implacable tenacity of historic proportions. Admittedly all these things are perfectly congruent, and yet anyone who lives out his life as Pham Van Dong must be mean-spirited about it, and that is not the impression given by the text.

As for the substance of the matter, Kissinger obviously tried to induce the North Vietnamese to see the advantages of an accommodation for the economic reconstruction of Vietnam and the welfare of the Vietnamese people, but of course he failed. As Lee Kuan Yew is reported to have said when the North Vietnamese faced the choice they went for the soft option - and continued the war.

The next chapter is also set in Asia and also centred on a journey, this time to Peking, where Kissinger had meetings with Zhou Enlai (the author has adopted Pinyin and Mao Zedong's usual, Zhou was expensive and Mao enigmatic, and as usual Kissinger was beguiled by Zhou's discourse and excited by Mao's allusive chit-chat. Some business was also transacted, namely the agreement to set up liaison offices in Washington and Peking, but it is clear that the visit was an anti-climax. By now, most of what could be achieved had already been achieved. The opening to Peking had already served the Nixon Administration very well, by feeding dramatic imagery to the public and especially by soothing left-wing opinion which in those days still loved Mao; it was also useful diplomatically (up to a point) in dealings with the Soviet Union. And the Chinese could also be serviceable in saying helpful things to such countries and political groups as were willing to listen to them - several lesser African countries and the Japanese Socialists for example.

Conception of the Community

Richard Mayne

WALTER LIPPENS

A History of European Integration, Volume 1, 1945-1947: The Formation of the European Unity Movement. Translated by P. S. Falla and A. J. Ryder. 722pp. Oxford University Press. £48. 0 19 822587 3

The covered wagons were more attractive than Wall Street, or the main street of most Midwestern towns. Likewise, today's European Community lacks the glamour of its pioneers. Wrangles about the budget, hubbub in the Parliament, simplistic side-swipes at the common farm policy - all seem a far and weary cry from the aims of the founding fathers. I once escorted Jean Monnet through the bowels of the Berlaymont building in Brussels. "Isn't it amazing," I asked, "to think that all this started with a few sheets of paper in your desk?" He looked around at the massive walls, the hurrying functionaries. "Yes," he said, "it's horrible."

Bogged down in bureaucratic frenzy, ministerial stalemate and public boredom, most people find it hard to remember that "Europe" was once an inspiring slogan. Albert Einstein, Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, Noel Robbins, Ivor Jennings, Sumner Welles, Wladyslaw Sikorski, Janusz Silke, Albert Camus, George Orwell, Arthur Koestler, Winston Churchill, G. D. H. Cole, Raymond Aron, Bertrand Russell, Gilbert Murray, Victor Gollancz, Gabriel Marcel, even Richard Crossman and an illiterate, all at various times lent their support to it. More convincingly, it was one of the aims of the wartime Resistance. Some died for their beliefs; they included idealists, Germans. Others survived, several to become officials of the nascent Community, one or two of them scarred by experience of the Nazi camps. Others bore wounds inflicted by the Allies but the arm they shared was to bury the

past. They were so successful that many people now forget the need for that effort. The revolution has become routine. "There are already," writes Walter Lippens, "a number of good monographs on the organizations based on the method of supranational functionalism for partial (economic) integration" (ECSC, EEC, EURATOM); and various phases of development in the years after 1950 (Haas, Baring, Camps, etc.); but a large gap in our knowledge remains inasmuch as there is no general analysis of the formative phase of the movement and of the beginnings of European policy between 1945 and 1950, which should include the history of several West-European countries and of the movement in both the national and supranational aspects.

That, I'm afraid, is typical of the book's (translated) prose, but the author is right. Historians of the movement, myself included, have tended to use either a microscope or a telescope, or both, to narrate and analyze the Community's fairly recent doings, and/or to range over the long prehistory of Europe's unification, from the Roman Empire to the railways. The immediate precursors of action by Governments, the militants and zealots who organized rallies and congresses, published manifestos, and formed international groupuscules - were dismissed in brief paragraphs and footnotes listing their organizations and highlighting their better-known work: Jean Monnet, Molin, pure ignorance. Each of us knew something of the activities in which he or she had taken part; few had had the time, resources, or patience to comb through the yellowing, dusty records of so much unglorious, dusty work so many years ago.

Now, with the aid of the European University Institute, the European Commission, and the Volkswagen Endowment, Professor Lippens and his colleagues have combed to some purpose. Anyone with this book in his hands will have at his disposal about 20

"major speech" about inter-Allied relations, and was to eliminate in the solemn signature of a new charter or treaty between the United States, the NATO Allies and the Japanese. In other words, it was to be "The Year of the Allies". But the Allies for all sorts of reasons would not cooperate, and some had outright sabotage in their minds: the British with Heath at the helm wanted to toe the French line at all costs, or at least to be seen to do so; the Italians and Japanese were evasive; the Germans under Brandt were determined to show how successfully they could resist American diplomacy, even if there was nothing contrary to their interests to resist; and the French could not in the end be other than equivocal because they were represented by Michel Jebelet, who sought to become Pompidou's successor by posing as the neo-Gaullist defender of an independence that the Americans had by then finally learned to appreciate, and which they had no intention whatever of compromising - least of all by a new Atlantic Charter that would largely have reaffirmed American obligations.

Soviet-American relations are, implicitly at least, the pervasive theme of the whole book, but there are no striking new insights nor any interesting revelations when Kissinger deals with the subject directly. Soviet matters become interesting only in other contexts, whether the Chinese or the Middle East. The Soviet leaders could not of course understand Watergate. Even much later, no amount of lecturing by their "consultants" and Americanologists could persuade them that the American President could not, for example, force passage of SALT-II through a reluctant Senate, so that one may imagine their utter inability to understand how Nixon could be seriously embarrassed by the Watergate investigation. But in due course they did at least absorb the hard fact that Nixon could not, for example, deliver on the implied promises of vast capital loans, and their reaction was to withdraw into a more reserved attitude. Kissinger records this

reaction but by its nature there is not much to write about.

The Egyptian and Syrian attack on Israel in October 6, 1973, started a new crisis whose consequences soon proved to be exceptionally wide-ranging. Kissinger, seemingly from the first, saw the crisis as a great opportunity and his account of what followed takes up virtually the whole of the second half of the book. The encounters with Sadat, the Israelis and President Assad of Syria are described in great detail and at great length but the material is fascinating and fully warrants Kissinger's extended treatment. The purpose of his shuttle diplomacy was, of course, to bypass each side's foreign-affairs bureaucracy and deal directly with the principals, who had a greater freedom of action and a greater readiness to explore imaginative solutions than their underlings. The world is full of Middle-Eastern experts and "Arabist" diplomats who insist that Kissinger did not tackle the "real issue", namely the Palestinians. The assertion that the Arabs would never accept such an accommodation with Israel used to be the stock-in-trade of such experts; when some Arabs, at least, let them down by behaving as realistic national leaders prepared to acknowledge the facts of power, such experts took refuge with the Palestinians, whose intransigence was far more reliable. For it was not just Egypt that took the road of accommodation in 1973, but Syria also. In the wake of Kissinger's diplomatic bridge-building, "rules of the game" were established for the first time between Syrians and Israelis, whereby each side in its dealings with the other has since been using force in a limited and controlled fashion. It seems that the minimum of reciprocal understanding that Kissinger engendered between the two sides in 1974 has never quite evaporated.

Kissinger's Middle East policy operated in a far wider arena than that of the Levant, if only because the Soviet Union kept trying to re-enter the ring (without, however, doing the one thing that would have earned its admission, namely re-establishing

relations with Israel), while Kissinger himself kept trying to enlist other Arab powers - notably the Saudis - in support of his efforts. And then of course the Allies kept pressing for quick results - without, however, being willing to contribute anything to achieve a settlement. The great failure was of course the passive acceptance of the oil-price revolution, whose disastrous economic consequences have continued to be felt ever since. Kissinger has been accused of having actually encouraged the original, small, pre-1973 increases extorted by the Shah of Iran but the most that can be charged against him after 1973 is that he failed to appreciate how crippling the consequences of Opec's price increases would be for the productive economies of the world.

So far it has been Kissinger's destiny that his achievement has only been magnified by the deings of his successors. Carter's foreign policy, the feeble prodding of Cyrus Vance and the goings-on of Kissinger's parodic successor as National Security Adviser, could only enhance Kissinger's real authority on the world scene - and his reputation has been further consolidated by the Reagan Administration's record to date. Carter's men were fiercely determined to do the opposite of whatever Kissinger had done or would do; Reagan's first team - increasingly dominated by Haig, whose power over policy kept increasing to the very day of his fall - embraced rather than avoided imitation, and made a very bad job of it (the Buenos Aires-London shuttle was only the most wildly absurd example). Where once there was Kissinger on the scene moving in a sinuous diplomatic dance, we saw instead the clumsy tread of the elephant.

Kissinger's book may be read as a political travelogue, as a memoir, highly subjective to contemporary history; as a first-class manual of statecraft; and a practical guide-book to jet-age diplomacy. It is a thoroughly good read.

only one chapter: a crucial and original contribution by Professor Alan Milward of the University of Manchester. His judgement can be seen to be the little unfair in his references to Ernst van der Burg's pioneering work on the Marshall Plan's "Committee of European Economic Co-operation"; he overreacts against the "myth" that "economic recovery in Western Germany was dependent on the currency reform of 1948"; and he errs in writing so categorically that William Diebold is "the only historian to pay... even the slightest attention" to the European Customs Union Study-Group set up in the wake of the Marshall Plan. I have, and so do Miriam Camps. Neither of us, I imagine, would nevertheless credit that Professor Milward has gone mad further than anyone, and his brief account of it is both valuable and fascinating. Most striking of all his findings in the Public Record Office are some notes by Bevin which ought to qualify, at least, his reputation as an "anti-European". Perhaps inspired by some very wise words, also quoted here, from Sir Edmund Hall-Patch, Bevin went on record in February 1948 as proposing

that the United Kingdom should take the lead in promoting and inspiring a European Customs Union on the broadest possible basis. Such a Union should comprise at least the United Kingdom, France, Benelux, Switzerland, and Italy. Switzerland, Portugal and perhaps later Spain would be desirable but may be impracticable. As Professor Milward shows, the Customs Union Study-Group finally came to grief owing to British indecision and Benelux's doctrinaire "liberalism". But its labour anticipated many of the problems later encountered in the European Community; and if Bevin's feelings have been followed, "Europe" might have saved itself much trouble; and, as it is, it is always, perhaps, a little easier. The real difficulty, Monnet tackled, is getting statesmen to take heed.

Professor Lippens promises to show this in Volume 2, "In the present volume, real political action - and brisk, jaunty writing - can be found in

ART HISTORY

The miraculously free hand

Michael Jaffé

IRVING LAVIN

Drawings by Gian Lorenzo Bernini from the Museum der Bildenden Künste, Leipzig. 366pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £35.30. 0 691 03976 3

Between 1712 and 1714 Leipzig bought for its Stadtbibliothek an extraordinary treasure: an altogether remarkable collection of *secento* drawings from so otherwise unknown source in Rome, the *priore* Francesco Antonio Rosci. The most remarkable component is the largest collection anywhere of drawings by Gian Lorenzo Bernini. These are so numerous and so various, and they relate to such a great portion of his career, from the "Pluto and Proserpina" of 1621 to the "Sacrifice of Isaac" first on view to the public in St Peter's at Christmas 1674, that they can hardly have been brought together haphazardly. The probability is that they were obtained from a family heir of the artist, if not from that servant of his who, according to Domenico Bernini, his son and one of his biographers, supported his own family for twenty years by the sale of drawings and models acquired in Bernini's service. Some at least of the Rosci selection seem to have belonged to one of Gian Lorenzo's most voracious admirers, Quezo Christina.

Reni virtually excluded, or could not obtain, Bernini's architectural designs. Most of those relating to papal projects are preserved in the Vatican Library. However he included most classes of figurative work: several portrait heads drawn in chalk and caricatures with pen and ink, as well as a wealth of preparatory material for figures and draperies, worked in ink or in chalks or in some combination of these; together with a handful of significant *modelli* or fully developed compositions, either autograph or fair copies by a reliable assistant. Substantially missing are the drawings which Bernini made in his youth from the antique sculptures, which he never ceased to admire, and from nature, the notable exception being his superb copy from the torso of "Laocoon", which was his proving ground for the life studies leading directly to the "Daniel".

It was enterprising of today's laudatory scholar of Bernini to persuade the Museum der Bildenden Künste, to which the Stadtbibliothek collection was transferred in 1933, to lend almost eighty sheets of drawings by the master (or, in a few cases, by his pupils) for an exhibition last year in the United States. In fact this exhibition toured six cities. This was the first time since the early eighteenth century that such a generous selection had been seen outside Leipzig; and the first time that any had crossed the Atlantic. However at least one curator of an important museum declined the opportunity to show these drawings, because "they are not of the large-scale, highly finished and rigorous drawings deemed appropriate for a wide popular audience". Most of the Leipzig studies are indeed small-scale; and they are drawn with the haste of genius in a manner which to the superficial eye can sometimes look repetitious.

The catalogue is mainly for those who have not only the aesthetic sense to relish in Bernini's draftsmanship the "franchezza" of his "free" hand, but also with the zeal to pry into the developing purpose of the drawings with the help of comparative illustrations and of fittingly meticulous observations in the text. Despite such qualifications there will be many readers who will find the book a most welcome addition to their library. As Professor Milward shows, the Customs Union Study-Group finally came to grief owing to British indecision and Benelux's doctrinaire "liberalism". But its labour anticipated many of the problems later encountered in the European Community; and if Bevin's feelings have been followed, "Europe" might have saved itself much trouble; and, as it is, it is always, perhaps, a little easier. The real difficulty, Monnet tackled, is getting statesmen to take heed.

Professor Lavin's seminar at Princeton in 1979-80 was effectively prolonged for some three years during the preparation of this catalogue, a

remarkably coherent effort under his supervision. Pamela Gordon and Steven Ostrow, with Sharon Cather, write of "Function"; while Linda Klinger, with Nicola Courtwright and Hans Dreyer, writes no less lucidly of "Style". Then the Professor himself contributes "Bernini and the Art of Social Satire", a characteristically and appropriately witty commentary upon the last item in the exhibition, a "Caricature of Innocent XIV" penned when Bernini was octogenarian, or nearly. This scerbic, art-hating Pope, consciously the spiritual heir of Pius V, was plagued by gout and by gallstones, a hypochondriac to boot. He has taken to his bed wearing an episcopal mitre. The Bishop of Rome is ridiculed in the style that titillates the susceptibilities of even the mightiest, an anthropomorphic cricket in the throes of Bernini's insecticide. The critical affluus which makes of this scrap of paper, marked with a few tremulous penstrokes, "a monumental watershed in the history of art" is breathtaking. We inhale *nitramini cariboli* by the Carracci; deliberate crudities which alomate the manuscripts of Dürer and Erasmus and Michelangelo; *graffiti* on the walls of ancient Pompeii and of ancient and modern Rome; pasquinades, Bernini's own comedies in the vein of Plautus; and Bernini's own *grille* in text.

There follow entries for seventy-nine sheets comprising 119 drawings. The lifting in recent years of sheets from old mounts has enabled the Lavin team to reproduce for the first time thirteen reverse sides which were only mentioned, plus six, which were not mentioned by Heinrich Brauer and Rudolf Wittkower and which include the study for the statue of Philip IV in St. Maria Maggiore, and more studies for the "Baptist Preaching" on the frontispiece of P. Oliva's *Prediche*. Furthermore, Lavin illustrates one important workshop sheet overlooked by those earlier authorities: a study for the remodeling of a nave bay in St. Maria del Popolo. From the Princeton seminar emerge clearly two associations of importance, connecting Brauer and Wittkower. The Leipzig drawing (Lavin, no 88) with another in a private collection, illustrated but as yet "unpublished", certifies Bernini's role in furnishing Baccio with a composition of the "Intercession of Christ and the Virgin" for the dome fresco in the Gesù. Brauer and Wittkower had considered the Leipzig drawing to be for Bernini's "Sanguis di Cristo" composition just preceding

that. Another Leipzig drawing (Lavin, no 81), regarded by Brauer and Wittkower as a study for a *bronzino* contemporary with the Piazza della Minerva "Elephant and Obelisk" is convincingly explained, together with two other trial designs in the Vatican Library, as an experiment toward the Piazza della Minerva monument itself. Although more could perhaps have been made of the technical contrast between this quick sketch for a heroic figure and the refined *contrapposto* in the designs for a pair of andirons figures, "Vulcan" and "Venus", all these additions contribute notably to scholarship. An outstandingly valuable analysis is that of the high altar studies for S. Andrea al Quirinale where Bernini was in complete charge. As Sharon Cather's entry remarks, they help "to clarify the changes that were then made in the architecture of the building in response to the expanded narrative program."

The catalogue offers a multitude of precise and illuminating perceptions, among them reflections on Bernini's abiding obsession with the primordial authority of antique sculpture. But one apparent misinterpretation of the visual evidence should be mentioned. In analysing the design for the memorial tablet to Carlo Barberini in St. Maria in Araceli, Nicola Courtwright notes: "The upper corners of the frame are scrolled; the lower corners are pierced and a band loops around them, tied in the centre to what is probably a skull." The questionable method of inference is "that the oval shape on the drawing stands for a skull may be inferred from the presence of a skull below the inscription on the monument". Surely not. The drawing shows bareheaded, trumpeting Pames supporting the tablet; below that, a plumed helmet. The General's monument substitutes for the Pames seated allegorical figures, each capped with a plumed helmet. This memorial headgear cancels the motif of a single helmet below; and a skull is introduced accordingly.

The Lavin team are sensitive also to Bernini's attention to Renaissance sculpture; but rather less to his interest in painting, so explicit in Chentelou's *Journal*. Neither Correggio, nor Parmigianino, nor Guido Reni are mentioned. Yet it is hard to isolate the impressions which these three had made, respectively, upon him as the author of "The Ecstasy of St Theresa" for St. Maria della Vittoria and of the "St Jerome" for Stena Cathedral; the early, highly mannered project for



Thought to be a working drawing for the Palazzo Altieri bust of Clement X, this profile study by Bernini is reproduced from the book reviewed here.

the "Constantine", which is illustrated by the chalk drawing in Madrid; and of the chalk studies for the St. Ambrose and the St. Augustine intended for the "Cathedral Petri". Van Dyck is mentioned; but only in footnotes referring to the triple portrait of Charles I supplied to Bernini for sculpting the King's bust. Yet Van Dyck's superb portrayal of "Prince Tomoso di Savoia", paid for in January 1635, was surely seen by Bernini on his way through Turin during the period of interruption of his preparations for the "Constantine"; and a recollection of it after his return to Rome from Paris was highly suggestive both in his drastic revision of the action of horse and rider, and in his introduction of a cascade of drapery, to set off that action. The scope of Bernini's sensibility to art, not just to the antique and to nature, was almost Rubensian.

In general the visual as well as the intellectual needs of the reader are well catered for; and the layout is pleasing. The appendices are useful, especially

Appendix II: "Photomontage Reconstructions of Divided Drawings in the Exhibition", which in several instances manifests the probable contemporaneity of more than one project. Also, a rarity in exhibition catalogues, there is an Index of Names as well as a Bibliography. In compilations of this nature some repetition is almost inevitable; although it is mildly irritating to be told on p 294, and again on p 302, that the Alderi Pope, Clement IX, was "elected to the papacy" in April 1667. We should expect in a splendid, scholarly catalogue at this price fewer slips, such as "Oulio" Romano, "Lomazzo", "Prosperina", or "the entry of the emperor Charles V into Rome in 1536". No less easy to correct would have been the exchange of captions between figures 82 and 83. Otherwise Professor Lavin and his young faithfuls have rendered signal service to Bernini studies, and, in so doing, evangelized nobly for Bernini in the United States and far beyond.

The Antwerp master

Christopher Brown

JULIUS S. HELD

Rubens and His Circle: Studies edited by Anne W. Lowenthal, David Rosand and John Walsh

207pp plus un-numbered pages of black-and-white illustrations. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £26 (paperback, £9.70). 0 691 03968 2

This is the second collection of Julius Held's articles; the first, published in 1969, explored the iconography of Rembrandt. The fifteen essays, although they include two on Jordaens and one on Van Dyck, are centered on Rubens, the artist whom, more than any other, Held has made his own. They have been edited with the author's active co-operation by three of his former pupils, two of whom are on the staff at Columbia, where Held taught for many years. The volume, as Anne W. Lowenthal, David Rosand and John Walsh Jr explain in their foreword, was planned to honour their teacher's seventy-fifth birthday; in the event, it appeared two years later. Held himself made the selection and has contributed an autobiographical preface in which he movingly records his first visit to relatives in the "blessed land" of Holland in 1923, when the collapse of the mark had made the cost of foreign travel prohibitive. The direction of his art-historical interest

was set during that stay, although while "the taste for the Dutch masters had come naturally, that for Rubens had to be acquired". It was Oskar Fischel's lectures at the Kaiser Friedrich-Museum which opened the eyes of the young Held to the great Flemish master. His doctoral thesis on Direr and the Netherlands - a complete bibliography of Held's publications is appended to this volume - took him to Antwerp and confirmed his admiration for Rubens. Held, first, tackled Jordaens (on whom he assembled material for a major study which in the event produced only a series of articles) but after settling in America in the 1930s he began his lengthy series of publications on Rubens himself.

Held's preface is revealing of his approach. Although a skilled iconographer with an enviable knowledge of classical literature, he never sets out simply to solve intellectual puzzles. His starting-point is always in appreciative response to the work of art and his failure to publish at length on Jordaens is surely because he felt that for all its iconographical complexity, the artistic quality of his work was simply not sufficiently high to sustain his interest. His method can be observed in *Rubens and Vorsterman*, first published in the *Art Quarterly* in 1969. It begins with a remarkable discovery - an unnoticed inscription by Vorsterman on a Rubens oil sketch in the Hermitage, the implications of which are thoroughly examined in the light of our knowledge of antiquity and thought. Held and his editors have made additions and corrections as well as some new literature. To only one

excitement of unfolding a long-forgotten mystery. And the artful which follows it in this collection also springs from and develops a brilliant insight - that it is the Glynde Place sketch which gives the correct arrangement of the Banqueting House ceiling canvases. They have been rebung accordingly.

Held's fortense response to the individual work of art is accompanied by a robust common sense which enables him to cut through much previous argument and counter-argument. He demonstrates this in his article on the two versions of the "Four Heads of a Negro": one is in Brussels and the other was sold for nearly one million dollars in 1971 and is today in the Getty Museum at Malibu. A multitude of explanations had been advanced to account for the close relationship of the two paintings and all the possible permutations of attribution (Rubens, Jordaens, Van Dyck, etc.) had been tried. Held was able to look at the pictures afresh and demonstrated that the position of the heads within the picture space make it certain that the Brussels painting came first. He then spelled out the implications with supporting stylistic arguments: the Brussels painting is by Rubens while the Malibu one, despite its famous provenance, is by a later (and none too subtle) imitator.

A volume of collected articles provides the opportunity for second thoughts. Held and his editors have made additions and corrections as well as some new literature. To only one

caso is there an extended postscript - to his lengthy study of Cornelis Van der Geest, the great Antwerp Maecenas. He summarizes the discussion of the Van der Geest "Marriage Bath" owned by Van der Geest (marking on the appearance of an early copy of this extraordinary painting), and then introduces, almost in an aside, the remarkable information that the Burgomaster was born in 1555, twenty years earlier than had previously been thought. No one, it seems, even among the legions of Antwerp Rubens scholars, had previously troubled to check this key date in the city's archives.

The last article, in this volume, "Rubens and the Book", is the least successful. Written as the introduction to the catalogue of an exhibition mounted by students at Williams College in 1977, it is of necessity a survey which moves rather stolidly over much-traversed ground. To represent Held's contribution to the study of Rubens's designs for the books and book illustrations, I would have preferred to see in its place his brilliantly argued article on the illustrations for the *Vita Beati P. Ignatii Loyolae* (1609) from *Rubens before 1620* (1972) with its sequel in *Master Drawings*. For all the riches in this volume of articles, it does not contain the very best of Held on Rubens. That is to be found in his introductions to the *Selected Drawings* (1958) and the *Oil Sketches* (1980), where in clear, unadorned prose he comes closer than any other modern author to describing the creative process of the artist.



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THE HOGARTH PRESS

commentary

The view from the reposoir

Andrew Saint

Humphry Repton, Landscape Gardener, 1752-1818
Sainsbury Centre for Visual Arts,
University of East Anglia, Norwich

Humphry Repton represents the golden mean in English landscape gardening. Historically, this has made his great contribution to the art hard to define precisely. It is easy to caricature the essentials of Capability Brown, with his neat, rolling pastures running right up to the horizon, punctuated by the occasional, inevitable clumps; easy to conjure up the shaggy herders of the ultra-picturesque, evoking thumping hearts among the maidens as they enter (at least for the first time) some darkling dell. By contrast it has always been difficult to describe the essence of Repton's art. Because his work was undemocratic, he was misconstrued or misrepresented by his contemporaries Richard Payne Knight and Uvedale Price. This injustice lived on after his death: in Peacock's *Headlong Hall*, for instance, he becomes Marmaduke Milleson, Esquire, and is arraigned for his "system of levelling, and trimming, and clipping, and decking, and clumping, and polishing, and cropping, and shaving". In fact, on the evidence of this exhibition, Repton did little of these kinds of thing.

Repton was much the most articulate English landscapist before William Robinson. Above all he was by far the best at communicating his intentions by means of his deft and prolific watercolours. He recorded his achievements in his "Red Books" which were sold or donated to clients and which served as advertisements for his work. The Red Books contained watercolour views (often with an overlay showing the scene before and after transformation) and pages of discursive manuscript on various aspects — "Character", "Situation", "The Approach" — of the project. The exhibition contains the original Red Books depicting Repton's proposals for many of the greatest country houses: Heikham, Tatton, Shardelee, Burley on the Hill, Attingham, Luscombe, Wimpole, Longleat,

Uppark, Beaudesert. The copious before-and-after views on display give a good understanding of Repton's *modus operandi* and the rich and enlightening catalogue by George Carter, Patrick Goode and Kedron Laurie (176pp, Sainsbury Centre for Visual Arts, £4.95, 0 946009 031) contains essays on his working methods.



The trade card of "H. Repton, Landscape-Gardener, Hare Street, near Romford, Essex" (1788), showing Repton surveying with theodolite while teams of workmen dig and transport earth to improve a vista from the exhibition reviewed here.

Repton came to landscaping quite late, at the age of thirty-six. He had some money but not enough for the independent life he would have preferred. He was sociable, quick, literate, amusing, methodical, sanguine, ambitious and a hefty snob — all handy qualities for success with the landed classes. His entry into landscape-gardening (a term of his own invention) was wholly premeditated. He had dabbled in trade, authorship and politics (Whig politics, surprisingly, but that was before the French Revolution) exercised its change over English landed opinion, and tried to make ends meet on his own, before he hit on the idea in 1788. Brown having died five years before, he promptly wrote round to his friends and issued a card showing himself as a smart-coated surveyor in an ideal

landscape, nimbly manipulating a theodolite. This was perfectly calculated, and everything fell into place at once. The Red Books were an early part of Repton's stock in trade; his mélange of elegant views and pretentious prose struck just the right note. The first, for Brandsbury, is typical: a "reposoir" in the grounds is "respectfully and gratefully inscribed"

change there to improve (but never artificially prolong) the course of a drive, and, round the edge of the estate, a belt of planting to shelter and define. Sometimes the grounds come up to the house; sometimes, and increasingly in later life when Repton was bored with estate layout, there are formal shrub and flower gardens with much *travelling*. In one park water glistens in a shaded lake, in another it runs as a fast stream, exploited for its mobility. In the light of Repton's sure touch and lack of dogmatism, the famous three-cornered controversy between Repton, Knight and Price looks like mere literary pedantry, with the amateurs holding positions of philosophical axioms and Repton taking the ground of sense and experience. In retrospect Repton thought little of the debate, though at the time he was too irked by what he called Payne Knight's "contumacious treatment of my profession" to ignore the attacks.

One dogmatism, however, is noticeable throughout the pretty watercolours on show. Time after time, when one wonders how much work Repton was responsible for taking out of use. This is part of Repton's obsession with social definitions, and is as much a political as an aesthetic one. He thought much about the social implications of his work, as Stephen Daniels explains in the catalogue's best essay "The Political Landscape: Early Patronage and Party Politics". Humphry Repton's Conservatism, in Repton's Tory philosophy of landscape, the key term is "benevolence". Estates with their deceptively casual divisions between parkland and ploughland, manor and villages, were to express the order and the responsibilities of the gentry. After 1830, the political

agencies of the age distressed Repton. He leathed, the stockjobbers who asked him to landscape their villas and was, it seems, struck dumb when the Leeds manufacturer Benjamin Ockley demanded a vista revealing his mills. At his favourite Shardelee, Repton wanted beggars to be received at the house and the poor to gather wood in the grounds. Here we reach the remnantized self-conscious benevolence of *Cenotaphy* and *Young England*, an age away from the sturdy self-confidence of the world in which Repton first made his mark.

By default, Repton became almost as much an architect as a gardener, and the buildings are well represented in this show. At first he relied on architect-friends like Wilkins of Norwich to do that part of his work. Then between 1797 and 1800 he operated a formal partnership with Nash, but they parted in bitterness because Nash took over Humphry's role, the stone-decorated Adey Repton. Father and son joined together, and the able young Repton probably did most of the architecture, in a wide variety of styles. He was especially adept at vernacular cottages and lodges, in the days before such things were common. A younger son, George Stanley Repton, also worked for Nash and probably made most of the cottage designs. So the celebrated Blaise Hamlet, so Repton, did have much to do with the beginnings of the vernacular revival architecture in the nineteenth century.

The exhibition, which is a delight for anyone with an interest in English architecture and landscape, is the first ever dedicated to Repton and is at the Sainsbury Centre for Visual Arts until October 31. It will be shown at the Victoria and Albert Museum from December 1 to February 28, 1983.

On a deeper level he counterpoints the differing cultural perceptions of his characters. The sleek doctor politician Danevan (Kevin Flood) arrives at the cottage in search of ancestral virtues, previously anxious "to get back to the true centre". At first, like the Gagliardi in Flann O'Brien's *The Poor Mouth*, he actually believes he has found "the touchstone... the apothecosis". The doctor is balanced by the flat peasant realism of Nora Dan (a dryly cynical performance by Pat Leary) who sharply affirms that people with any self-respect would not live in such primitive conditions. If in *Translations* Priel dwelt upon the romantic and tragic face of Irish culture, in *The Communication Cord* he deftly exposes the pretentious illusions of contemporary man in search of his rural roots.

There is a character in Wodehouse who laments that more people did not take the "sporting chance" offered by railway companies who threatened to charge offenders only five pounds (then) for pulling the communication cord. Such a happy epiten is not, of course, one which obtains for the baffled creatures travelling in Friel's comic vehicle. Of necessity they are in a sealed and uncontrollable carriage. It is not clear, moreover, whether the playwright had that variety of cord in mind when he chose the play's title, or whether he envisaged some more metaphorical line of communication, prone to being crossed or tied in knots. A similar confusion slightly weakens the overall impact of the play, although it does somewhat usefully between being a comedy of antics and one of wit.

Stage-managing Revenge

Emrys Jones

THOMAS KYD
The Spanish Tragedy
Cottesloe Theatre

Not the least pleasing thing about Michael Bogdanov's excellent production of *The Spanish Tragedy* is that justice is at last seen to be done — not perhaps to its hero Hieronimo, who is driven mad by failing to get it, but to Thomas Kyd himself. Kyd's play is not known to have been professionally performed since the early-seventeenth century. Yet it was in its time one of the most famous of Elizabethan plays, and quite apart from its own merits remains of supernal interest to anyone wanting to know more about Shakespeare's theatrical beginnings. At last we can see where it belongs — on the stage of the National Theatre.

The nervousness on the part of theatrical people in getting to grips with Kyd reflects the uncertainty of academic critics as to how good his play really is. We know that during the quarter-of-a-century after it was written (somewhere around 1589-90, according to the best-informed guesswork), *The Spanish Tragedy* came in for a good deal of mockery, equally in the form of parody or derisive quotations. So in Jensen's *Athenian* of 1610 Dolly Common can get a laugh by merely quoting the line with which Kyd opens his main action: "Now say Lord General, how fares our camp?" Parts of the play are still being parodied in Caroline times, a form of back-handed tribute which witnesses to not just the contempt of intellectuals but also the hold the play still had on more popular audiences. This trail of patching amusement must have something to do with the modern assumption that *The Spanish Tragedy* is permanently superseded, that for all its remarkable structural originality it can't in itself be more than an improbably stage, irredeemably dated melodrama. And especially damning has been the feeling that the hero's role is so disfigured by rant as to be beyond the powers of revival of any serious actor. Certainly the two University productions I have seen were careful to "keep up" parts of the play as if to forestall the unwanted laughter of the audience.

Michael Bogdanov has done quite the best thing he could: he has taken the play straight. He and his company put their trust in Kyd's words, and they are handsomely rewarded. There is in his case plenty of humour, sardonic wit, even a touch of farce, in the text. Yet what comes across as especially exciting is Kyd's own peevish voice — the "grand echoing lines" — praised by Empson. But the play is also crammed with dramatic and theatrical ideas, every one of which, it seems to me, works on the stage. Of course some readers have always recognized Kyd's eloquence and his radically original language. What have not been able to do until now are his powers of moving an audience — the ultimate test of any tragic dramatist. This Repton, can have much to do with the beginnings of the vernacular revival architecture in the nineteenth century.

The exhibition, which is a delight for anyone with an interest in English architecture and landscape, is the first ever dedicated to Repton and is at the Sainsbury Centre for Visual Arts until October 31. It will be shown at the Victoria and Albert Museum from December 1 to February 28, 1983.

must face is how to deal with Andrea's Ghost and Revenge, whose acnes form a kind of envelope for the play proper. Andrea has just arrived in the underworld as a ghost: at the Spanish court he had leaved the highborn Bel-imperia, but in the battle just fought he was treacherously killed by the Portuguese prince Balthasar. The judges in the underworld have assigned Andrea neither to the Elysian Fields nor to hell but, as a more appropriate fate, to Revenge. And Revenge now tells Andrea to watch what happens until he sees what will gratify his soul — Bel-imperia giving Balthasar his death-stroke. What exactly will lead up to this killing is not disclosed: that is the business of the play that follows.

This opening speech of Andrea's (ever eighty lines on the printed page) might look a formidable obstacle right at the play's start, yet here it is taken straight, with no hurrying and no gimmicks, but delivered (by Stephen Hattersley) with such weighty clarity and conviction that we absorb the situation with no effort. Andrea's Ghost and Revenge are to remain onstage throughout the whole of the ensuing action; but instead of putting them in a side-box or an upper balcony as a potentially distracting extra, Bogdanov uncompromisingly involves them in the main action, illustrating them among the other characters as if they were — as indeed in a way they are — invisible revenants. Nor does he make the mistake of underestimating these two andillary roles: Revenge in particular (Peter Needham) is as vivid and specific a presence as anyone on the stage. Whereas Andrea is young and ignorant, at times obtusely uncomprehending, Revenge is mature, cynically experienced, knowing as he goes everything that is going to happen. For every trivial incident in the winding chain of events, every apparent digression, is seen and foreseen, seen by Andrea and foreseen by Revenge. But in this production Revenge doesn't merely foresee what happens: he literally stage-manages it.

At the moment when Bel-imperia should, according to Kyd's text, drop Hicks and Michael Fenner make an acceptably villainous pair. But they would be even better if they could manage a mere aristocratic form of nastiness. Kyd had a strong social and class sense. The play's cry against injustice is not just a generalised literary affair but one arising out of the actual circumstances of Elizabethan England. There is reason to suspect that Lorenzo at some points "shadows" the recently dead Earl of Leicester.

One of the peculiarities of *The Spanish Tragedy* is that the role of its hero does not effectively begin until quite late. In the opening court scenes he is merely one of a number of courtiers, attention being directed instead to the relationships of the younger persons — Bel-imperia's decision to take a second lover in Hieratle, while at the same time Balthasar also falls in love with her. These early scenes preceding Hieratle's murder have in performance a strange quality of diffused or unlocalized suspense: they are certainly not dull, as readers of the play remarks that "few readers fail to find the early scenes tedious and I think the common reaction justified". The quality of suspense, or rather unease, generated in performance seems to arise from the fact that we the audience must try to find a meaningful pattern in the events and we are deliberately frustrated. For we are, after all, watching these scenes in the company of the ragged and bloodstained ghost and his sinister companion, and yet there seems nothing in what happens to enable us to guess what Revenge foresees as emerging from it. Only with the frightening scene of Hieratle's murder does the action's shape click into focus. For only in this scene — which begins with a moving and surprisingly sensual love-dialogue and ends with the horrific butchery of one of the lovers — does the play ever decisively away from erotic to paternal love, so bringing Hieronimo from the periphery to the centre — and so at last, although the staractor to embark upon his tremendous role.

Theatrical events at this year's Belfast Festival, which runs from November 10 to 27, include the Abbey Theatre Production of *Factory Girls* by Frank McGuinness, the Druid Theatre Company in *The Playboy of the Western World*, Julian Giever's one-man show *Beowulf*, and the premiere of Stewart Parker's *Kingdom Come*, billed as the first Caribbean/Irish musical comedy.

Hieronimo's role requires the biggest actor available: in Kyd's time we can be sure that Alenay and Burbage took it on. Michael Bryant is not an Olivier, but he has some splendid moments, and he seizes his many opportunities with a reassuring confidence. He is, however, essentially a reitent, inward actor. He can communicate considerable feeling, but only quietly, so that there is undoubtedly a certain disjunction between his own style and the style of Kyd's blatantly patterned rhetoric. In the more formal laments and in the long vengeance monologue one feels a slight sense of constraint; such exposed passages need a mere open, bravura delivery. But in most other places Bryant's tendency to understate brings Hieronimo very close to the audience, and he does full justice to the later scenes of impetuous protest and oncoming madness. His powerful yet unselfish performance allows one to contemplate Kyd's conception without distraction or interference. Although the mechanism of its plot stresses revenge, the play is really a tragedy of grief. But grief is of less essential monotony. What is so impressive in Hieronimo's scenes is the resourcefulness Kyd shows in finding different ways of crystallizing his hero's emotion in all its simplicity and intensity. In these scenes the play becomes a brilliant exhibition of incurable, obsessive and finally deranged bereavement.

Whatever minor reservations one has about the rest of the performance concern the younger players. Patti Love's Bel-imperia is not quite the imperious beauty suggested by her name and by her part in the action. She is surely meant to be bold, self-willed and decisive; though unmurdered she is a virgin, she has given herself to Andrea before the play opens, and she takes the lead in wooing Hieratle. Love seems too young and vulnerable to encompass these more heroic qualities, though she finally leaves an impression of authentic pathos. It is a pity that at times she seems to find difficulty in negotiating Kyd's rhetoric. The Lorenzo and Balthasar (Grag Hicks and Michael Fenner) make an acceptably villainous pair. But they would be even better if they could manage a mere aristocratic form of nastiness. Kyd had a strong social and class sense. The play's cry against injustice is not just a generalised literary affair but one arising out of the actual circumstances of Elizabethan England. There is reason to suspect that Lorenzo at some points "shadows" the recently dead Earl of Leicester.

The books in the Ark

Redmond O'Hanlon

Hebrew Manuscripts from the Sassoon Collection
The British Library

The eight-year-old David Solomon Sassoon (1880-1942) swapped his kite with one of his less precocious peers for the Book of Ruth in Arabic translation, printed in Bombay in 1859, and intended for the use of Baghdad Jews in India. At twenty-two, he discovered the Rashtriyeh in the Ark of a synagogue in Damascus, and, having convinced the elders of the community that he was fit to own such a treasure by reading from it in their presence, he was allowed to add this first major acquisition to his collection. Similar relatively easy conquests followed all over North Africa, the Middle East and Asia, but took him years of negotiations to secure the Parli Bible, a magnificent illuminated manuscript from the fourteenth century Spain which finally became his own in Aleppo in 1913. By the 1930s he was acknowledged to be by far the greatest modern collector of Hebrew material, and his printed catalogue *Old David* (1932) lovingly describes over a thousand of his manuscripts in 1400 double-columned pages. He was the son of an international

who (according to one contemporary document) treated a servant of his with just the same dastardly trick as Lorenzo does his servant Pedringano. So it matters that the class, or rank, differences between characters should be brought out as sharply as possible. The scene of Pedringano's execution is in fact one of the highpoints of the production — just as it should be. Pedringano, condemned to death and confidently expecting a reprieve which is actually non-existent, treats the whole affair as a piece of play-acting. But the masquerade turns into the real thing and he jests himself to death. This scene, which brings the first half of the play to a close, anticipates the ending of the second half, the play-within-the-play, in which mimic deaths play-acted once again turn into the real thing. This production, by placing its interest shortly after Pedringano's death, clearly brings out a structural symmetry which is vital to Kyd's overall design.

The final episode of Hieronimo's court entertainment makes an exciting and spectacular climax, with the royal audience placed in a side-box in the auditorium and the musicians with other courtiers in the box opposite. Bogdanov is right to choose the "tower of Babel" option for the play-within-the-play. (As Professor Edwards has suggested, the printed text incorporates two incompatible versions of this episode: the producer must choose either the version in English or the one referred to in which each actor speaks in a different language: Latin, Greek, Italian and French. This second version we have here.) So mad Hieronimo's "Soliman and Parseda" is acted in four different languages, with extravagantly macabre effect — after which his explanatory epilogue, spoken in his own person and in English, makes a quiet and touching contrast.

Happy you think, but bootless are your thoughts. That this is fabulously counterfactual. And that we do as all tragedians do: we are today, for fashioning our scene. The death of a hero, or so the Roman peer. And in a minute starting up again. Revive to please tomorrow's audience. No, princes, know I am Hieronimo. The hopeless father of a hapless son (Kyd's sequence here — of exhausted seeming-calm followed by a *coup de théâtre* — was to be adapted by Shakespeare for the ending of *Othello*). The grotesque horrors of the final moments are, quite properly, not shirked. Indeed nothing is shirked in this long overdue revival, to which many of us will long feel indebted.

New Oxford books: Literature

James Joyce
Richard Ellmann

1982 is the centenary of Joyce's birth, and Richard Ellmann has thoroughly revised and expanded his classic biography to incorporate the new information that has come to light in the twenty-two years since it was first published. The book has been reset throughout, and most of the photographs appear for the first time. A superlative good biography... flakee Joyce's image for a generation. Frank Kermode in *The Spectator*, £25

Saki

A Life of Hector Hugh Munro with six stories never before collected.

A.J. Langguth

'A Saki biography of Saki, and surely a definitive one. A study, sensitive but realistic, of the hitherto elusive human being behind the brilliant stories. An achievement. *Emlyn Williams*. The facts of Hector Munro's life are sparse, and this book tells the detective work and biography, in which A.J. Langguth assembles a convincing portrait where before there was only a shadow. Illustrated £3.95 Oxford Paperback Classics

Fortune and Men's Eyes

The Career of John Payne Collier.
Dewey Ganzel

In 1850 John Payne Collier was among the foremost scholars of his generation. Ten years later, at the summit of his career, he was accused of forgery and theft, and died in 1883 with his name among the most infamous in literary history. This book examines Collier's life and the celebrity which overtook it, and concludes that the defamalion may have been a conspiracy. £16.00

Twentieth-Century Classics

Great novels of the century reassessed with new introductions. Four new titles will be published on 21 October: Saki's *The Unbearable Bessington*, illustrated by Osbert Lancaster and introduced by Joan Aiken, £2.60; Patrick Hamilton's *The Strangers of Solitude*, introduced by Claud Cockburn, £2.95; Danton Welch's *In Youth is Pleasure*, introduced by John Lehmann, £2.60; and Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome and Summer*, introduced by Victoria Glendinning, £2.95.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs

Edited by J.A. Simpson
The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs draws extensively on *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, of which it is an abridgement. But unlike the larger work, it deals principally with proverbs known in the twentieth century, and is the only dictionary to record and describe the modern proverb in Britain and other important areas of the English-speaking world. £7.95

Oxford University Press

to the editor

Nabokov's
'Eugene Onegin'

Sir, — Mr Dmitri Nabokov's letter (October 1) is best left to answer itself. I have too much regard for the memory of Mr Nabokov *per se* to relish being provoked into a singing match with Mr Nabokov *filis*.

I would only like to quote two further examples of Nabokovian fantasy, showing, this time, how the choice of an eccentric word in English (archaism or slang, for example) can kill stone dead the finest effects of the original.

First, in translating Pushkin's touching image of the empty house (6 XX of 1811) as he describes the dead body of the poet Lensky, Nabokov writes: 'The chateau is gone. / But where, God wot!'

Secondly, in Pushkin's noble farewell to his reader (8 XLIX), we find: 'Whoever you are, my reader — / friend, or foe — I wish you to part at present as a pal.'

My italics in both cases; comments are superfluous — except the obvious one that the English language is rather trickier than it looks.

In fact, with due respect to Mr Nabokov, I believe that the form into which a foreign poem is translated into English is something of secondary importance. It can be rhyming stanzas, blank verse, *vers libre* or plain prose. What matters surely is that the translation should seek to convey the spirit, as well as the letter, of the original; that it should be not only accurate but readable; and that above all it should not obscure the original poet by obtruding the translator's personality. After all, the interpreter at a state banquet is not expected to jump and start dancing on the table.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.
32 Kingston House St., London SW7.

Noel Coward

Sir, — To wax serious about the character of Noel Coward would be to quote the Master, too. I do. His life was spent in relentless pursuit of the trivial. His only possibly worth probing, for depths to refute David Hare's suspicion that what he was 'actually afraid of was thought', was *Post Mortem*, dismissed by Nicholas Shrimpton (October 1) as 'embarrassing'.

Coward's sole ambition was for success. Everything was sacrificed to this. He had an exceptional nose for the truly lasting values of sentimentality, jingoism, personality

worship, snobbery and incogitancy. Professional to his fingertips, he concentrated on employing such ingredients to the total exclusion of anything that might prompt his public to suspect they were being got at. In pursuit of this ideal, he had moments of being very funny indeed. If a talent to amuse was his only saving grace, it was a big one.

Esmé Wynne ('Stoj'), his oldest friend, who was unrelentingly religious from the age of five, and incapable of allowing her friends to wallow in the mire of human nature without throwing them the lifebelt of Absolute Truth, rebuked him regularly almost to his dying day. Although, temporarily, this infuriated him, what had hurt most was her giving up a promising stage career for marriage and religion. With time for neither, Noel had supposed their early collaboration was for ever.

But it would be wrong to assume he never experienced stirrings of social concern or moral doubt. Stoj, with her 'sisterly' perception, knew 'Pojo' better and from an earlier age than anyone including, in some respects, his mother, who could be curiously innocent about her son; and it was because, subjected from the age of eleven to Stoj's soaring flights of moral earnestness, he 'knew better than he did', that he was so easily aroused to frustration and fury by her chastisements for his admittedly short descent from spiritual grace. If Noel was at the far end of the pole from Tolstoy, who held that the highest pursuit of art is to make men good by choice, he was at least intelligent enough to know he had never tried to realize his full potentiality.

An example of his reaction to my mother's provocations is his diary entry of June 6, 1952, an unfortunate choice by the *Dionys* editors, who seem to have confused judicious selection with censorship. Not only are his statements wildly inaccurate on several counts, but they strengthen a view of Coward as a witless, vindictive, pompous, disloyal and spoiled child rather than as a middle-aged man who, for all his failings, was still capable of loyalty, affection, and of acknowledging that others had a right to a preferred design for living and to a different notion of star quality.

JON WYNNE-TYSON.
Paddocks, Fontwell, Arundel, West Sussex.

Tito's Biography

Sir, — I welcome the review by Stephen Clissold (July 16) of my new *Contributions to a Biography of Josip Broz Tito*. It is a useful contribution in itself to discussion on the making of

this biography, which is continuing. I have refrained from responding to any reviews or criticism — except the clearly malicious or defamatory — because it seems to me imperative to encourage as many contributions as possible. I hope, however, in my fifth volume to be able to take up many of the points raised by reviewers and critics, and offer some responses.

This democratic method of writing seems to me consistent with Tito's own view of what was necessary. 'You will agree with me', he wrote to me on September 1, 1952, 'that interpretation of specific events in your book cannot be accepted as definitive — and for a very simple reason, that final opinions can only be given from a longer distance.' In my first edition in 1953 I entirely accepted this view, and when I came to complete his life in the current, much more substantial edition it still governed my thinking. Volume I contains an appeal to all readers to send their remarks, responses and criticisms, as these form the main vehicle for keeping open the process of writing biography. I should add that it has also greatly increased the quantity of documentation available. It must be a central principle of critical historical scholarship that the first duty of the biographer is to establish sources, and then only on this basis to offer conclusions, if necessary tentative.

In this spirit I accept the dictum of my colleague Professor Rudolf Ruzman of Ljubljana, that 'the historian has to doubt everything, including his own truth'. Tito's own view was consistent with this. When his *Collected Works* were published in 1977, he observed: 'It is not my duty to give an evaluation of my texts. When the time comes, history and historical science will give their verdict.' In the following year (May 8) his message on my new edition emphasized the need to correct everything that was not precise in the first edition.

The key problem in the writing of biography is the ethics of the historian. The pompous and the dogmatic may convince themselves that they have arrived at the Truth, but serious, independent writers find that destination consistently elusive, and even to commence the journey requires the assistance and support of

everyone available. May I appeal to your readers who may have documents or letters relevant to the life and times of Tito to send me copies for possible use in the remaining volumes of my biography? Your headline describing me as a Balkan Boswell is too flattering: I would be extremely happy to make a biography a fraction as beautiful as his of Dr Johnson. But I do recall that Boswell was obliged, he said, to run half over London, in order to fix a date correctly. Nearly two centuries later I freely admit to much running over the past thirty years, and should welcome the assistance of your readers in reducing the mileage.

VLADIMIR DEDIJER.
Sipar 3, 52395 Savudrija, Istria, Yugoslavia.

Virgil

Sir, — Robert Wells (October 1) makes a very fair commentary on the 'Virgil' — the 2000th anniversary — exhibition now on display in the British Library. However, he is in error in describing the two Virgil Writing Exercises of the first century AD as 'a schoolboy's writing exercise'. Writing exercises they certainly are, but the hands of the Oxyrhynchus Virgil and Hawara Papyrus 24 are both far too practiced to be the work of schoolboys. As has been shown in the discussion of the graphics of these two pieces (*Scripturae Classicae* 3, 1979, 55-75), they are the practice pieces of an adult professional scribe.

Their purpose is akin to the typists' exercise, 'The quick, brown fox jumps over the lazy dog', designed to exercise the scribe in every letter of the alphabet. To the history of the text they add nothing, save to show that Aeneid II 602 and XI 371-2 were sufficiently familiar in Egypt in the middle of the first century AD to be used for this humble purpose. But their real importance is that they with the *Qasr Jordan Grotto* (*Journal of Roman Studies* 69, 1979, 125-55) are the earliest extant examples of the Roman *Classical Capital* script written with pen and ink.

WALTER COCKLE.
Department of Greek, University College, Gower Street, London WC1.

Among this week's contributors

VALERIE ADAMS is a lecturer in English at University College London.

T. C. BARKER is Professor of Economic History at the London School of Economics.

GEORGEY BEST's most recent book is *War and Society in Revolutionary Europe, 1770-1801*, 1982.

ROBERT BRAIN's most recent book is *Rites Black and White*, 1979.

JULIA BURGESS's *Night Visitors: The Rise and Fall of the English Ghost Story* was published in 1979.

BIZIO BURNI's books include *Beardley and his World*, 1976.

CHRISTOPHER BROWN is a Deputy Keeper at the National Gallery. His *Cave: Fabritius* appeared last year and his study of Van Dyck will be published shortly.

M. P. BURNYEAT is a Fellow of Robinson College, Cambridge.

J. P. DURIX teaches in the Department of English at the University of Dijon.

JOSE HARRIS is a Fellow of St Catherine's College, Oxford. Her *William Beveridge: A Biography* appeared in 1977.

TERENCE HAWKES is the author of *Structuralism and Semiotics*, 1979.

R. A. HINCH's most recent book is *Sociology: Its Nature and Relations with Other Sciences*, 1982.

MATTHEW HOPKINS's books include *James Joyce: A Biography*, 1979.

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK's most recent book is *The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire: From the First Century A.D. to the Third*, 1977.

F. S. L. LYONS's books include *Culture and Anarchy in Ireland 1890-1939*, 1979.

IAN MCLAREN is a Fellow of University College, Oxford.

DAVID MARTIN is Professor of Sociology at the London School of Economics.

JAMES HUNTER is the author of *The Making of the Crofting Community*, 1976.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ is Professor of the History of Western Art and Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at the University of Cambridge. His *Rubens and Italy* was published in 1977.

KEITH JEFFERY is a lecturer in English at North Ulster Polytechnic.

EMERY JONES's books include *The Origins of Shakespeare*, 1977.

HENRY KAMEN's *A Society of Conflict: Spain 1469-1714* will be published shortly.

HERMION LEE's books include *The Novels of Virginia Woolf*, 1977.

KATHLEEN LENNON is lecturer in Philosophy at the University of Hull.

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK's most recent book is *The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire: From the First Century A.D. to the Third*, 1977.

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George Grosz

Sir, — Your correspondent

Lowell (October 1) is quite right. I've

reminds me of not to have compared

two English translations of Grosz's

autobiography with one another and

with the available German version. I

am particularly glad that your

correspondent has set the record

straight because the date she gives for

the earlier translation — 1946 — shows

that much of the autobiography was

existence well before the 1930s. A

good deal of it seems to have been

written in the early years of the Second

World War. Fortunately the Hogarth

Library of Harvard University has

recently acquired a considerable

number of letters from Grosz's estate;

my colleague Dr Kay Flavell, who has

examined these and other papers,

assures me that the

publication in full will throw much

needed light on the nature and

composition of the autobiography and

on the state of mind in which Grosz

drafted it.

S. S. PRAWER.
The Queen's College, Oxford.

TLS Crossword

In our judgment the two best

submissions for the literary crossword

prize were by Barbara Simon, 36 Miller

Street, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire,

Edinburgh, and Robert Brown,

15, 9020, Tromsø,

Norway. They will each receive a prize

of one year's subscription to the TLS.

In a large entry many puzzles failed

to meet all the requirements laid down

in the rules, or were too easy, and the

judges felt unable to award a prize.

The first of the winning

competitions will be printed on the

back page of next week's TLS — and

further crosswords will follow a

monthly intervals.

We regret that in Ian Duffield's review

(September 17) of *The Colonial Office*

and *Development Policy* by I. L. Lee

and Martin Pether, the last

sentence of the fourth paragraph was

incorrectly printed with the words

'dramatic neglect' in place of

'dramatic contrast with earlier

neglect'.

The coming of the car

T. C. Barker

JEAN-PIERRE BARDOU, JEAN-JACQUES CHANARON, PATRICK FRIDENSON and JAMES M. LAUX

The Automobile Revolution: The Impact of an Industry

351pp. University of North Carolina Press. £14.
08078 14962

Motor transport must be as unattractive to most historians as it is to the general public, for few of them write about this now very important subject. How different from railways, but understandably so. The noisy, oily, and dangerous motor car lacks the romance and fascination of the steam locomotive. The Rainhill Trials and the early trains attracted visitors from afar who marvelled and rejoiced at what they saw. What a contrast with the early motor cars, those outward signs of privilege, making a terrible clatter, giving off maddening smells, dropping oil everywhere — not to mention leaving great clouds of dust in their wake — which caused people to jump for safety and run for shelter. They frightened the horses too, and caused dreadful accidents. And, as the penultimate chapter of *The Automobile Revolution* spells out, they are still under fire. They still pollute the environment, consume in increasing quantity irreplaceable resources, maim and kill and are totally unsuited to be a form of transit in the congested city centres of a growingly urbanized world. In their largest commercial form the juggernauts are far too big for most inter-city roads. Yet the extent to which we can and have come to depend on them is now very considerable, and in Britain this has been emphasized during the recent railway strikes. Even the reluctant historians are receiving the message and are beginning to step into the twentieth century.

There is, of course, already a huge and diffuse general literature about motor vehicles, mainly technical and anecdotal. Journals abound. But very few people have so far tried to pull this mass of scattered and unrelated material together in an attempt to digest and explain how, and at what price, we have moved from the notoriously unreliable 10-20 mph horseless carriage of the 1890s owned by a tiny minority (there were perhaps only about 5,000 motorists in Britain, for instance, in 1900) to the sophisticated and on the whole remarkably reliable 70+ mph saloons of today. We certainly cannot discover many answers from the glossy coffee-table books full of magnificent photographs of racing Panhards and Napier (foreword by Stirling Moss) anymore than we can learn the history of watchmaking or pewter from collectors' books about old timepieces or tankards.

Harold Perkins's *The Age of the Automobile* (1976), which grew out of a television series, started to point the way ahead, as did Kenneth Richardson's *The British Motor Industry, 1896-1939* (1977). In America John B. Rae's *The American Automobile* (1965) had already performed the same service. The business histories which deal with particular motor vehicle manufacturers help us a little more, for they at least discuss (or should do) falling prices, increasing reliability and the pace at which the new form of transport was spreading. The best introduction to the British part of the story may be found in books like P. W. S. Andrews and Elizabeth Brunner's *Life of Lord Nuffield* (1955) or R. J. Church's *Herbert Austin* (1979) or — in many ways, the most remarkable of all, for it was originally written as a Cambridge thesis as long ago as the end of the 1940s — Ian Lloyd's three-volume *Polls Boyce* (1976).

It is significant that the two writers who contributed the historical sections, down to 1945, in *The Automobile Revolution*, authors of books on motor manufacture, James M. Laux before 1914 (*The First Gear*) and Patrick Fridenson after 1914 (*Le*

Histoire des Lignes Renault. Naissance de la Grande Entreprise, 1898-1939, 1972). Jean-Jacques Chanaron, an economist, deals with the years from 1945, apart from a chapter on labour relations which has been written by Jean-Pierre Bardou, who is described as a labour sociologist. The book was first published in French by Albin Michel, Paris, in 1977 but the opportunity has been taken in this English translation to revise it and bring it down to 1980.

The four authors — and especially Professor Laux who seems to be the anchor man (he is described on the dust-jacket as translator and editor and his name alone appears on the spine) — have produced a work of some importance, for they have for the first time looked at the history of motor-car production internationally, not only to chronicle the emergence of the motor industry in various countries but also to discuss the development of particular businesses, the chief of which quickly became powerful multinationals. Here is a book which deserves to be read both by those who are keen on motor vehicles and by others who study the motor industry's role in economic development. As Professor Fridenson remarks in his brief conclusion, 'it became a symbol and motive force for capitalist economic growth — and communism, too, in recent years'.

The text leans heavily on statistics: it would have been easier to read if more of these could have been given in the form of tables. The broad picture, however, emerges clearly enough: Europe (particularly France) until the early years of the present century when the industry in the United States, benefitting from a more favourable domestic market, leapt ahead, developing mass production just before 1914 and not having to interrupt production during that country's very short war, emerged from it in a more commanding position than ever before or since. American producers had made only 200,000 cars in 1911, but thanks largely to the immensely successful Model 'T' Ford they turned out 1.5m in 1916, 1.9m in 1924 and 3.6m in 1925. Then the European companies, in a number of which the American plans shrewdly invested, began to grow faster and, taking advantage of rising middle-class incomes, followed the Americans into large-scale production. British output (235,000 in 1929 and 507,000 in 1937) went ahead of the French, and then Germany began to catch up. Italy, which produced only 78,000 vehicles in 1937, was still far behind, but the Soviet Union (97,000 vehicles in 1935 and 211,000 in 1938) was, with American help, performing much better. We are told here that Japan reached 57,000 vehicles in 1939; but most of these were buses and trucks, a better view than 1939) the country still made fewer than 2,000 cars and under 9,000 'small-sized vehicles', together with 11,000 three-wheelers.

The real Age of the Automobile, if we make a possible exception of America, came after 1945 when richer populations were able to buy more cars and to drive along greatly improved (and often specially built) roads. World output of cars, a mere 3m in 1946, grew to 10m in 1955, 20m in 1968 and 30m in 1972. Then came the first oil crisis which slowed the growth rate. By 1979, however, if commercial vehicles are also taken into account, world production of motor vehicles had reached 43m. This was the time, of course, and especially since 1960, when Japanese motor cars made their spectacular entry into world markets and even caught the great American giants unawares. Japanese car production, still only 165,000 in 1960, rose to nearly 4.5m in 1973. There had been nothing like this since America's pioneer performance half a century before. Further expansion after 1973 has been more difficult. The British and Italian industries got into difficulties but new national records were achieved by the United States in 1978, France and Germany (1979) and Japan (1980).

From the welter of facts and figures in the book various points emerge which deserve more general attention. These are, for instance, the motor car

of Germany which — so everyone suggests — hardly ever put an industrial foot wrong before 1914, was quite in the lead in all new industries (how often are we reminded about synthetic dyestuffs?) and had become a real rival to Britain and more than a match for France. But what happened in the vital new motor industry? Sure enough, the Germans led the world in developing the stationary gas engine. Otto and the famous. Both Gottlieb Daimler, who had reorganized Daimler before settling up on his own account, and Karl Benz combined to produce a lighter gas engine fed by petrol vapour and had put it on wheels. But the Germans then lost the initiative. Their inventions were exploited under licence by the French who proceeded to build up the new industry. It took Germany more than thirty years to catch up again. In 1907 the Daimler company at Stuttgart were still making fewer than 500 cars, the more famous of which were marketed under the French name of Mercedes. The whole German motor industry in that year produced a mere 7,000 vehicles, only one-fifth of the French output. 'What held them back?', Laux rightly asks; but he offers us disappointingly superficial and unconvincing answers: 'Probably social conservatism, an attitude noted by many observers and often taking the form of a nostalgia for a rural, preindustrial past, incited perhaps by the traumatic problems springing from the extremely rapid industrialisation of Wilhelmian Germany.'

His explanation of Britain's slow start in the new industry is a little more illuminating. The pernicious effects of the so-called Red Flag Act are very properly played down. A number of motor vehicles were already running illegally in Britain before November 1896, and the French industry was in any case still very small and vulnerable. British manufacturers could have begun production competitively in 1896-97 without too much difficulty, for the demand for cars then far outstripped the very small Continental (mainly French) capacity to meet it. Laux draws attention to the discouraging effects of Harry J. Lawson's buying up of the UK rights to the main motor patents and his speculative ventures to exploit them; but is the automobile revolution primarily concerned with production at all? Should it not rather be concerned with the statistics of registration? Motor vehicle manufacture, it is true, helped to generate wealth and created employment for many thousands of people in motor works and in many other branches of industry which supplied the 'extras' — wheels, components (motor vehicles, for instance, have enormously expanded the market for flat glass). But the revolution is surely also concerned with the vehicles on the road, the garages that kept them there and supplied them with petrol, and, above all, with the vast changes that these vehicles have brought about in most people's lives, whether or not they

There is evidently much more to be discovered about these financial manoeuvres. He also suggests that the long engineering stoppage in 1897-98 should be taken into account.

There is another matter, not mentioned here, which is of considerable importance too, especially as it draws attention to the basic weakness in the book. Britain was the world's leading producer of pedal cycles and in 1895-96 the cycle industry was enjoying an unprecedented boom. This highly profitable new industry became the primary preoccupation of many business men who might otherwise have been venturing into motor vehicles (in all countries there was a close connection between cycles and motor vehicles, e.g. Peugeot, Adler, Pope). When the boom burst and they sought an alternative market, it was turned, in any case, in the early days of the definition of a motor car was often imprecise and can mislead us. Many of them were mounted on light, cycle frames and were sometimes in fact motor tricycles. By concentrating on motor cars, however, the authors fail to see the important rôle in passenger transport, and sometimes in light commercial work, played by the motor cycle (sometimes with sidecar attached). Nor do they usually take account of the heavier end of motor transport (buses and lorries), though these sometimes creep into their motor vehicle totals.

But is the automobile revolution primarily concerned with production at all? Should it not rather be concerned with the statistics of registration? Motor vehicle manufacture, it is true, helped to generate wealth and created employment for many thousands of people in motor works and in many other branches of industry which supplied the 'extras' — wheels, components (motor vehicles, for instance, have enormously expanded the market for flat glass). But the revolution is surely also concerned with the vehicles on the road, the garages that kept them there and supplied them with petrol, and, above all, with the vast changes that these vehicles have brought about in most people's lives, whether or not they

From pit to parliament

James Hunter

GORDON M. WILSON

Alexander McDonald: Leader of the Miners
250pp. Aberdeen University Press.
£14.
0 08 02845 8

On the evening of February 3, 1874, there was announced the result of that day's general election poll in Stafford

borough. Returned as MP for the town's two Members of Parliament was Liberal candidate Alexander McDonald, Scotsman, President of the Miners National Association and Chairman of the TUC Parliamentary Committee. The result was both surprising and significant. Not only was McDonald an aggressively controversial proponent of working-class causes, he had himself sprung from that class, having begun his career as a fitter in the Lanarkshire coal mines.

Something of his social origins was still apparent in McDonald's parliamentary career. Political satellites were particularly delighted by his West of Scotland accent and his habit of putting on the Commons speeches by sitting on the chamber floor. But for all his lack of grace, McDonald was not the uncouth agitator of his opponents' imaginations. The former miner had also obtained a university education. He had been a teacher. He wrote well and spoke impressively. And he was able to celebrate his election to parliament by purchasing a substantial mansion house in Scotland because he combined his by no means ineffective leadership of Britain's miners with a highly successful career as an investor

It is this complex character whom Gordon Wilson has set out to rescue from the historical oblivion to which he was long ago consigned. Wilson contrasts that oblivion with the fame still surrounding the name of McDonald's Lanarkshire contemporary David Livingstone and implies that their different treatment is to be explained by the fact that one was an Establishment-orientated imperialist, the other a frequently mocked campaigner for the rights of working people.

But that is not the sole reason. McDonald's life was not of the kind calculated to appeal to the generally leftward-leaning historians of the labour movement. The Stafford MP's career, as Wilson comments, was 'almost a parable of Victorian thrift, diligence and self-help'. He financed his entry to Glasgow University in his twenties by working extra long hours in especially dangerous conditions underground. And, having thus escaped from the mines, he became first a respectable teacher, then an even more respectable businessman.

His financial interests in mining were to bring charges of hypocrisy and duplicity, not all of them unfounded, from fellow trades unionists. But one of the more fascinating aspects of McDonald's character is the extent to which he continued to identify with ordinary miners long after his own elevation to middle-class comfort and prosperity. McDonald was neither a revolutionary nor a socialist. Unlike Keir Hardie, with whom he quarrelled bitterly, he pioneered no new political alignments, being content to sit in the Commons as a Liberal of a far from radical persuasion. But his sense of solidarity with working people was real enough, as was his contribution to their

owned a motor car, and especially if they lived in the country.

An eleventh-hour nightmare

Geoffrey Best

HENRI VAN DER ZEE
The Hunger Winter: Occupied Holland 1944-5
331pp. Jill Norman and Hobhouse
£9.95.
0 906908 71 X

Until the late summer of 1944, when the Allied forces, having broken out of their swollen beachhead began to pour along the French roads to the east and north-east, the Dutch had not had the worst of wars. May 1940 had been a swift enough: unexpected invasion and rapid defeat. Queen and government fled to London, war actually brought home to them as it had not been since Napoleon's time, and in occupation of their land not merely a foreign army but also those sinister and ghastly bodies, the Gestapo, the SD and the SS. But things did not turn out quite so badly as pessimists feared. Of the Dutch, as of the similarly "teutonic" Danes and Norwegians, Hitler had high hopes. The man he sent to govern them, the Austrian Seyss-Inquart, expected to guide rather than to have to drag them into the fold of the New Order, and accordingly went, by Nazi standards, softly-softly.

The Dutch, for their part, carried on business as usual so far as the hideously unusual circumstances permitted. It suited German interests that they should be allowed to do so - the Dutch economy and the German, then as now fitted closely together - and although even the ever-hopeful Seyss-Inquart had to recognize that most Dutch people listened to the BBC and London-based Radio Oranje instead of Hamburg or Nazi-fied Hilversum, some kept his alive by bearing arms in German service - by membership of the indigenous National-Socialistische Beweging, and by such faithful gestures as informing on resistance workers and on Jews. Of the latter, about 25,000 of the original 150,000 were, that summer, like Anne Frank, still alive in hiding. None can more have looked forward to a liberation which suddenly seemed so near: Paris liberated on August 22, Brussels on September 3, Antwerp on the fourth. . . . Was the (moderate) nightmare coming to an end?

It was not. Its worst stages were only just beginning. From this time until the following summer, the Netherlands became in some respects the most

wretched of the occupied western European countries: four million Dutch people nearly, and about 18,000 actually, chilled and starved to death, seventy per cent of all the war-time damage was done, and the softly-softly approach was replaced by the Sicherheitspolizei's preferred methods of barbarism. It is important to keep a sense of proportion about this, and credit to Henri van der Zee (a London correspondent of the *Times*) that he does so. His country had a terrible time, and it ill behoves Britons, who had so relatively cushy a war, to suggest otherwise. But any reasonable Dutchman would not doubt agree that some of his countrymen had it much worse than others (eg. town-dwellers than farmers, westerners than northerners) and that certain other lands had worse times, for longer. It is possible, though in the nature of things difficult to document, that some such comparative appraisal contributed to the Allies' decision on several occasions that their overall strategy, which did not include direct liberation of the western Dutch provinces, should not be changed for one which did. Eisenhower and Bedell Smith were concerned to do what they could, Churchill and FDR on several occasions demanded or allowed that something must be done (if only to ward off the importunities of the Dutch government in London), but military decision-making ultimately found no room for what Queen Wilhelmina and Prime Minister Gerbrandy so much wanted: that Monty's divisions should go through the western Netherlands on their way to Germany, Monty had tried to break in from the flank at Arnhem and had failed. Once the Wehrmacht had turned it into "Fortress Holland", more deaths and damage would result from an assault, like reckoned, than from playing his waiting game. Those suffering provinces (North and South Holland, and Utrecht) were in fact not to be liberated until the general surrender in May 1945.

While Paris, Rome and Brussels revelled, Amsterdam and The Hague starved, and much of the country was reclaimed by the waters from which it had sprung. The *Hunger Winter* amounts to a general history of the Netherlands and its government during its nine months of waiting, with the emphasis often on the reality of what it felt like. The crucial question, why food and fuel became so desperately short, is frankly though briefly dealt with. It was partly Mr van der Zee's compatriots' own

stubborn doing, by means of the railway strike that began on September 17, 1944 and lasted to the end. This strike has always been a matter of controversy, and is likely to remain one for, as with so many typical acts of resistance, its pros and cons are endlessly debatable. Initially called by Gerbrandy at SHAEF's request, and never answered by the vast majority of Dutch railway workers, it might, some say, have better been called off once its original good purpose, the inhibition of German traffic behind Arnhem, was no longer relevant. No doubt the strike remained a nuisance to the Germans. But apparently no more than a nuisance - while to the western Dutchmen it gradually became disastrous.

This autumn, as ill luck would have it, was the wettest for eighty years. The winter too was exceptionally cold. In such dismal circumstances the official rations' daily calorie count sank from 1300 in October through 900 in November to 350 in February and, after a couple of only slightly better months, 230 at the end of April 1945. Belsen was not a lot worse. Mr van der Zee went through all this himself, as a young boy in Hilversum, and brings his

own reminiscences to market along with what he has read or heard from others. His style (in English anyway) is on the flat side and he has a trick, presumably brought from journalism, of introducing his main biographical or explanatory matter after, sometimes long after, his first mentions of key characters and institutions.

But the historical outline comes out clear and strong enough. He has had the advantage of help from friends in Amsterdam's unique State Institution of War Documentation and encouragement from its eminent director, the Netherlands' official war historian, Louis de Jong. Just as he touches only lightly on the arguments about resistance, so he does not linger on the ultimately unanswerable questions about collaborators and resisters. He writes more about the old Queen than about them, and some may wish the proportions were otherwise. As a suffering middle-of-the-roader's story however it moves along well, with much natural tragedy, pathos and drama.

For all their firmness about the railway strike, their ready recourse to terror in order to keep down an increasingly desperate and impatient

Brilliant days at Bletchley

Julian Moore

GORDON WELCHMAN
The Hut Six Story: Breaking the Enigma Codes
326pp. Allen Lane, £8.95.
0 2159 1294 4

There are two books within these covers. The memoirs of Bletchley Park compel admiration, but the Cassandran-like warnings to today's defence establishment savour of exhaustion and anti-climax.

The outbreak of the Second World War found Gordon Welchman teaching mathematics at Cambridge, a calling that evidently did little to cloud the innocence of his eye. The simple, almost naive, description of the onset of war has the ring of personal

experience, unworldly - being heightened by the tedious explanations included for the book's initial publication in the United States. Once the same innocence and clarity of vision were brought to bear on

intercepted cyphers, as the vagaries of Bletchley's recruiting drive decreed, the consequences were dramatic, and the writing that records them becomes spare, authoritative and cogent.

During the Munich years the German versions of the Enigma machine stumped the small team of Foreign Office cryptanalysts working under Dillywyn Knox. In ignorance of this progress Mr Welchman traversed in a matter of days the ground previously crossed by Rejewski and Zygański in laborious months. Such was the mixture of security and chaos that he had no inkling he had reinvented the wheel, or rather the workings of the Enigma's wheels, and his account of Knox's chilly reception of his efforts is hilarious and ironic by turns. None the less it was a brilliant intellectual feat, achieved instinctively on the basis of the old adage that cyphers are broken by handling them, not by staring at them - in Welchman's case tinkering around with some coloured pencils and a bundle of intercepts in the hope that something interesting would turn up.

The crisp, uncluttered explanation of this exploit renders its mathematical content readily accessible to the layman. The same cannot be said of the major contribution Welchman subsequently made to the development of the electro-mechanical device used to break down the myriad permutations generated by the Enigma machine. The Bombe with its Diagonal Board is a fearsome beast and high standards of presentation and exposition cannot remove the substantial difficulties. Fortunately the outline of the story is clear enough. The non-technically minded reader can skip much of the detail, which has been thoughtfully consigned to an appendix.

For his part in organizing the work of Hut 6, Welchman deserves credit beyond his purely technical contributions. With his usual clarity he saw almost from the outset what arrangements were needed to handle the flood of intercepts and the ever-growing flood of decrypts. He was fortunate to be working with administrators who recognized the worth of his ideas and acted on them; whether the same would have happened without the stress of war is doubtful. Though the insight into the work of Hut 6 is a new and valuable contribution to the emerging story of Bletchley Park, the enigma of the full solution of the Enigma remains. For all the technical revelations and organizational anecdotes (some very characteristic of Bletchley) that is, centrally, the crucial methods of the chess wizards of the Machine Room remain to be deciphered. This is not the last word on the Ultra secret.

It is not Welchman's last word either. His last chapter is dedicated to the United States and a miscellany of commentary on the role of the Americans in the breaking of the Enigma code.

(except that impatience is difficult to show on 400 calories a day) population, and their habitual inclination to the Führer's orders, the lack of representatives of the master-race in the gallery. Seyss-Inquart and Reuter, the Wehrmacht commander, Christianiani and Blackwelder, were unable to contemplate the Dutch as Dutch as roughly as their kindred were to treating, for example, Poles and Russians. The Dutch local authorities enjoyed some degree of initiative, but used it resourcefully; the church overcame their ancient animosities to form a common humanitarian front which the Germans dared not wholly ignore; and, what was most life-saving, the Germans showed increasing willingness to facilitate relief deliveries of food which, beginning with relatively small Swedish and Swiss operations in January and February, culminated in a giant air-drop at the end of April and land deliveries of Canadian lorries a few days later. In Greece, 1941-42, was there a precedent for such humanitarianism of occupied civilian populations. Without it, Germany looked likely to have another, watery, holocaust charged to its account.

the battleground of the future. The second part of his book considers security and survivability of communications systems under strain of modern war. And yet depressing it all is. On the whole, an amateur who wishes to scare himself with the subject will have a hard time of it with Sir John. In the recent return of World War II, he recently may wonder whether he really are as inept as Welchman fears or as forgetful of the lessons learnt at Bletchley and its analogues.

One of the most recent developments in cryptography - encryption based on mathematical problems in the class known as NP - is characterized by a certain lack of computational intractability. The effort required to solve a problem drawn from this class is exponentially with the size of the complexity of the problem itself. It does not matter that the right answer can ultimately be found by exhaustive (all possible answers); it is enough that the security of the message if the task of examining all the possibilities is too into the indefinite future, even using the best computer available. Such methods have many advantages and nowadays are increasingly attractive.

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The secretary and the patron

Matthew Hodgart

A. C. ELIAS

Swift at Moor Park: Problems in Biography and Criticism
339pp. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.
0 8122 7822 4

It seems to be almost impossible to write a satisfactory life of Swift, so many are the problems to solve, not least of which are those involving the Temple family, the squires of Moor Park. To the relationship of Swift and Sir William Temple A. C. Elias, addresses himself, with a high degree of success. His style is not very attractive and his exposition of copious material is not always clear and so the book is not easy to read. But it will still have to be taken into account in any future discussion of Swift's youth.

It is disappointing to find very little here on the possibility that Swift was a bastard of Temple's. There is a highly entertaining book on this subject by Denis Johnston (*In Search of Swift*, 1959) but it is now unfashionable to look at the evidence. Johnston's theory is that Jonathan Swift's real father was the first Sir John Temple (1600-1677), Master of the Rolls in Ireland, the legitimate father of Sir William Temple, who was the father of Esther Johnson (Stella). Swift and Stella were therefore in the forbidden blood-relationship of uncle and niece; hence, if they were married, their marriage could never be consummated without incurring the guilt of incest. There is nothing inherently improbable about the head of a great house carrying on and tacitly or openly acknowledging his bastards - one thinks of Chesterfield, Creevey, Lord Elibank's son Murray, the friend of Walter Scott, and others, following the example of royalty in England and France. It seems likely that Stella was the illegitimate daughter of Sir William, so great was the care lavished on this girl of obscure parentage. Would Swift have been brought out of provincial obscurity to

serve as Temple's secretary, and thus given a valuable start in his career, unless there were some hidden reasons?

Swift's work as secretary is examined in great detail and most carefully. The third chapter discusses Swift's references to his patron, which do not appear to be as fond or respectful as Irvin Ehrenpreis and other biographers have made out. I have long been struck by a passage in a letter to Stella, in which Swift tells how he warned Bolingbroke.

Never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a school-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning from Sir William Temple); that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour, for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head.

The pain and resentment in these words suggest that they are close to the heart of the mystery in Swift's personality. Typically he makes a joke out of the same material, writing to Stella in explanation:

Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons. I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman.

Elias adds much to our understanding of these powerful passages by placing them in their proper context; he also quotes and lucidly analyses all the other references, direct or indirect, to Temple in Swift's works. His conclusion is that Swift did not think very much of the great man, though he was not wanting in proper gratitude. Many readers will share Elias's view, mildly enough stated, that Temple was a dilettante and a bit of a humbug.

There is an interesting short chapter on the role that Temple plays in the

tradition of Swift biography. This centres on the anecdote reported by Samuel Richardson, where it is stated that "Sir William never favoured him (Swift) with his conversation, because of his ill qualities, nor allowed him to sit down at table with him." This anecdote was taken up by Thackeray, but it receives from Elias the judicial assessment it needs, involving, among other things, the seating arrangements in a great house like Moor Park. I hope that in a further work he will go through all the biographical clichés that have haunted Swift scholarship, most of them going back to Thomas Sheridan, Deane Swift and Lord Knave. The last chapter is, however, Temple and his work played in the part that Swift played in the life of his patron. Fascinating as Swift's biography may be, we must not forget

that he wrote one great work during his early life; and the finest part of that work is the "Digression on Madness", which has caused the interpreters much trouble, especially over the famous passage:

He that can with Epicurus content his Ideas with the *Fusus* and Images that fly off upon his Senses from the *Superficies* of things; Such a Man truly wise, creams off Nature, leaving the Sower and the Dregs, for Philosophy and Reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined Point of Felicity, called, the *Possession of being well deceived*; the Serec Peaceful State of being a Fool among Knaves.

Elias points out that the phrase "fool among knaves" is an echo of Temple at his most contemptuous, attacking Wotton. He also gives reasons for

believing that Swift is mocking Temple's own Epicureanism, and finds many other echoes of Temple's work throughout the "Digression on Madness" and the *Tale of a Tub*. Although Swift actively champions Temple in *The Battle of the Books*, even here Swift may be satirizing his patron in devious ways. The argument is not conclusive, as Elias modestly acknowledges; he knows that nothing is ever simple in Swift. I personally think, though I cannot prove it, that Swift is ambiguitous to do with Temple: Gulliver among the Howyhownna may be partly based on the wild young Swift at Moor Park, and the chief horse to be as cold as Temple sometimes used to be, according to Swift; Mr Elias shows that there was a powerful bond of love-hate between the young secretary of genius and the mediocre patron.

Dire forebodings

F. S. L. Lyons

PATRICK REILLY

Jonathan Swift: The brave desponder
287pp. Manchester University Press.
£21.
0 7190 0850 6

Swift has sailed into his rest; Savage indignation there Cannot lacerate his breast. Imitate him if you dare, World-beleated travellers he Served human liberty.

When he wrote his famous version of Swift's epigram Yeats already had a fairly restricted view of human liberty, which he believed, Swift shared. No doubt he over-simplified, or rather, as his habit was, re-created Swift in his own image. But in Patrick Reilly's addition to the vast Swiftian literature, there is some support for Yeats's thesis that when Swift spoke of the vox

populi, vox dei meaning "the universal bent and current of a people" he did not consider it to find expression, as Swift put it, through "the bare majority of a few representatives, which is often procured by a little art and great industry end application; wherein those who engage in the pursuits of malice and revenge are much more sedulous than those who would prevent them." "I doubt", commented Yeats, "if a mind so contemptuous of average men thought . . . that it found expression also through individual lives, or asked more for those lives than protection from the most obvious evils."

Mr Reilly would perhaps go a little further than that. He prefers to describe Swift as "a paternalist libertarian, an exponent of the positive idea of liberty as the right to do what is right, with its corollary that no man is free in doing evil and that to prevent him is to set him free . . . But it is significant that whenever he touches on Swift's attitude to liberty he is more concerned with liberty of conscience than with political freedom. He places Swift firmly in a seventeenth-century rather than in an eighteenth-century context and sees him as essentially a backward-looking man, defending with extraordinary verve and skill - most notably in his opposition to toleration for dissenters - test ditches which in many instances had already been overrun. "Though not a political absolutist", writes Reilly, "he had one absolute devotion - loyalty to Anglicanism . . . He was always an Anglican churchman rather than a doctrinaire politician." In St Patrick's Cathedral we have always felt this about our Dean, but there are others who would violently disagree and one senses that in this brilliant and provocative book the stimulation of just such counter-currents is an important part of the author's aim. He does not hesitate to read on a variety of toes; indeed (to parody Swift himself) he is apt to make two coars grow where only one grew before.

However, not too much need be made of this. Reilly's book is informative and frequently illuminating. He is deeply immersed in Swift's writings and in a well read in half a dozen modern literatures. True, in his urge to make Swift "relevant" to twentieth-century students he has some coinages which ring rather oddly: it is arresting to learn, for example, in a discussion of the "batmashing" of Gulliver, that "Pavlov rules O.K." is the disarming graffiti of a modern reader finds scrawled all over the *Travels*. And there is a too self-conscious effort to woo a modern audience in this description of Gulliver in Lilliput: "Like a modern nuclear reactor, Gulliver is both promise and threat, at once source of power and fear; and however gentle and obedient, he poses serious problems for his hosts' technology." On the other hand, Reilly's suggestion that Gulliver, as an ally of the Lilliputians, with his European weapons "brings the same comforting reassurance as do the new-fangled missiles of the massive Warsaw Pact armaments rolling through the Red Square" seems exactly how not to woo a modern

audience. But never mind, the book in fact reads extremely well.

Reilly is mainly concerned with the great satires and the Swift who emerges from his analysis of these as formidable, as isolated, as unhappy, as one had ever thought him to be. For Reilly a key to that strange genius is Swift's pessimism, his sense that man was such a hopeless case that things could only go on getting still more dire. Yet, as he also demonstrates time and again, there was a heroic inconsistency about Swift which has always defied those who would capture him in a single generalization:

That search for unity is ironical in one who categorised man as the self-contradictory animal and provided in his own person an outstanding example of the genus. Liberty-loving authoritarian, rationalist despairing of reason, despairer and champion of the Irish, a Christian provoked to strange belief in God's love as a delusion of pride, a moralist who combined acceptance of psychological egoism with reverence for disinterested virtue, violent critic of party politics and ablest Tory propagandist of his day, upholding minority rights one moment . . . and deriding them the next . . . was ever writer less amenable to this attempt at unification?

This does not, however, prevent Reilly from advancing his own brand of unification, based to a large extent on paradox. Swift, as like book's subtitle affirms, was a "brave desponder"; he was a "radical sceptic", more than that he was a "Christian sceptic".

Undenably present is an epistemological pessimism which, though often supporting religious belief, occasionally threatens it; suspicion of human reason sometimes deepens to a level inhospitable to any creed. Generally, however, his scepticism was comfortably housed in Christianity, and it was only occasionally that the lodger turned refractory. Scepticism, for him, did not lead to toleration, since fallible men must not dogmatize, but to reliance on traditional wisdom when all is uncertain.

There is an irony inherent in this. For Reilly, Swift's outcasted opposition to toleration for dissenters made him that increasingly rare bird in the eighteenth century, "an absolute Anglican". Yet in Swift's own mode of thought there was a Puritan streak, menifesting itself, especially in the *Satires*, in which Mr Reilly sees two opposing impulses - the fullness of faith without works, of words without action at the same time - the harsh realization that no significant action is possible beyond the words themselves. So that the Swift he gives us awakens perpetually between the extremes of dispassionate observer of the nasty habits of odious vermin, and that other enraged, prophetic Swift whom Yeats intuitively recognized.

Reilly on his breast in a byline frenzy blind. Because the heart in his blood-solden breast had dragged him down into meanness.

Escape to China

Philip Warner

EDWIN RIDE
BAAG: Hong Kong Resistance 1942-1945.
347pp. Oxford University Press. £14.
0 19 581325 1

The title "British Army Aid Group" was chosen because the name had to mean nothing to the Japanese yet had to be meaningful to Chinese, British and Americans. A group of British officers operating in South China was likely to attract an undue amount of attention and it was felt that a name describing its overt activities, rather than its covert and clandestine operations, would go some way toward allaying interest in its work.

Unfortunately this bland title may deter many potential readers from appreciating an informative and important book. A memorable film and a few graphic personal accounts have made many people aware of what happened to the prisoners of war who were forced by the Japanese to work on the infamous Bangkok-Moulmein railway, the aptly-described "railway of death". But of those in Hong Kong and their subsequent fate next to nothing is known. The activities of the Gestapo and SS in Europe, and the horrors of the concentration camps, have been well publicized, but what happened in the POW camps and how the Kempeitai went about its evil business are insufficiently appreciated.

But for those who read this book a clear picture will emerge. The author is the son of Sir Lindsay Ride, an Australian at the time of this capture was Professor of Physiology at Hong Kong University. He intended to write the story of BAAG himself but like many another veteran of those times found the emotional re-living of his experiences a little too painful.

The story in this well-documented book is complete enough. We see how indefensible Hong Kong was, how Churchill knew this but against his better judgment was persuaded to make a show of force. The outnumbered British inflicted damage on the Japanese but the latter's subsequent conduct, by poisoning the wounded, killing doctors and orderlies was not an act of special revenge, they recoiled in Singapore and Burma was as bad. However it was not the initial atrocities which made Ride decide to escape to China while there was still a chance. It was the apparently deliberate policy of starvation and neglect to which the POWs were subjected.

Ride decided to escape quickly, before the Japanese had instituted full-scale. His journey was arduous and dangerous, but friendly Chinese territory was not far away and he reached it. At the time he had never heard of M19 which had been founded in 1940 to enable escapees to return to their own countries. Escaping to China had its problems for it was possible to get into pro-Japanese groups, there was of course no chance of being yourself off as a native civilian, and

possible in Europe; in the Far East you were soon recognized as a Westerner. It was therefore vital not to be seen before you had arrived at your destination. Escaping was painful, nerve-racking, and far from romantic. But they did it.

Once in China, Ride set about organizing both medical aid and an intelligence gathering service. This was approved by Chiang Kai-shek and General Weyell. Soon the BAAG, in spite of its innocuous title, was so successful that it attracted the attention of the enemy. The Japanese tried to infiltrate the BAAG; the BAAG made a close study of Japanese methods of counter-espionage and collaborators.

By the time the unit was disbanded in December 1945 it had an impressive roll of successes. 400 Indians, forty Americans and thirty-three British and Allied personnel had escaped with its aid. It had helped many friendly Chinese. It had run a news service which had boosted morale in Hong Kong and an intelligence service which had been useful to the Allies. But it had a toll of casualties among its members and agents. Ninety-three met death in various unpleasant ways.

Wars which take place far away in places with unpronounceable names forgotten. However, history has a way of repeating itself and it is valuable to know what brave and determined men accomplished against ruthless and well-equipped enemies. It is a reminder of the sacrifices which were made and the courage which was shown.

For his part in organizing the work of Hut 6, Welchman deserves credit beyond his purely technical contributions. With his usual clarity he saw almost from the outset what arrangements were needed to handle the flood of intercepts and the ever-growing flood of decrypts. He was fortunate to be working with administrators who recognized the worth of his ideas and acted on them; whether the same would have happened without the stress of war is doubtful. Though the insight into the work of Hut 6 is a new and valuable contribution to the emerging story of Bletchley Park, the enigma of the full solution of the Enigma remains. For all the technical revelations and organizational anecdotes (some very characteristic of Bletchley) that is, centrally, the crucial methods of the chess wizards of the Machine Room remain to be deciphered. This is not the last word on the Ultra secret.

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Constructive effects

Valerie Adams

G. H. ROSCOE

Syntax and Style in Chaucer's Poetry
158pp. Woodbridge: Boydell and Brewer. £19.50.
0 85191 080 6

Syntax and style are uneasy companions. In this book, first, the syntax; as G. H. Roscoe says, this is a selective study. The corpus is a comparative information from Vissers' *Historical Syntax of the English Language*, and from some of the Middle English rhyming romances. These are given attention because they are said to have exerted a "measurable" influence on Chaucer's style. But despite these cautious preambles, it must be said that Roscoe's method appears haphazard. The many comments on frequency throughout the book do not make it clear how thoroughly the data were examined.

On discontinuous structures he writes, for example: "These and other - more extensive forms of separation are fairly common in Chaucer's poetry but not, so far as I have noticed, in the romances." And it is difficult to know how phrases like "fairly common" and "with moderate frequency" should be understood.

Roscoe has allowed himself no way of making objective comparisons; a number of general claims. One, for example, he says, "the negation been such an important feature of literary style." He suggests that the variety of constructions in Chaucer's poetry for negative jump ahead; but only because it had time to explain the work of rare talents. He was not allowed to jump ahead; but only because it had time to explain the work of rare talents.

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devyse") and some without ("Was never bird gladder agayn the day"). But "construction" is used loosely, and Roscoe does not make a separate examination of word order in existential sentences and related structures, in which the variety he is conscious of may lie.

He maintains too that negation as such is "emphatic", and contributes to the "intensive note" which he finds in "a wide range of ME poetry". But the examples which demonstrate emphasis all contain a degree word or an emphatic negative word such as "never", or both; they do not support any general conclusion about the nature of negation. His impression of "intensiveness" may be something to do with the stylistic habit of "negative comparison" in description, observed by Leo Spitzer in the Harley lyric "Blow Northern Wind", and by Talbot Donaldson in "The Idiom of Popular Poetry in the Miller's Tale." ("There was no man so wys that coude theenehe / So saye popelotes on swich a wenehe / But negation, "intensiveness" cannot be so glibly coupled.

Roscoe finds in Middle English syntax "a tendency to avoid suspensiveness". Here he is quoting Sweet (*New English Grammar*, 1898), who says that "good man and true" is less suspensive than "good and true man", in which we wait until the end for the head-word. But aside from the vagaries of the notion of "suspensiveness", it is extremely doubtful whether modern English is any more "suspensive" than that of earlier periods. We no longer split the genitive ("for the Wyver's love of Bette"), but a corpus-based study of modern English can be expected to show a variety of discontinuous structures, as in this example from Quirk and Greenbaum's *A University Grammar of English*: "More people own houses than used to years ago."

Roscoe's remarks on stylistic effects are often based on very unconvincing

date. In a perfunctory discussion of phrases like "he Theseus", "hym Jason", where the personal pronoun functions as a determiner, Roscoe suggests that the effect is "quite often" deprecatory, and that the occurrence in the *Knights' Tale* of "hym Arcite", but not "hym Palamon", may indicate where "the narrator's sympathies" lie. "Hym Arcite" is used only once by the narrator, however; otherwise, when the narrator modifies "Arcite" the words suggest respect or sympathy ("This woful lover daun Arcite").

Roscoe frequently characterizes stylistic effects as "amphibious". Where he is more specific, he often attributes the whole effect of an utterance in its context to the syntactic form alone. Asyndetic co-ordination, he says, is appropriate to the description of "hopeful activity" in the *Legend of Dido*, when Aeneas "wolds . . . Sends hire letters, tokens, broches, ringes, in the *Franklin's Tale* when Aurelius courts "Dorigen" with "songes, compleynours, roundels, chereys", it is appropriate to "frustration".

Roscoe is on safer ground when he discusses longer passages, such as the description of the brawl in the *Reeve's Tale*; he observes convincingly that co-ordination with "and" helps to portray a world of mere sequence in which the only logic is the logic of the moment. But such episodes can hardly support statements such as that co-ordination "is a marked feature of the fabliau".

The book is a brave attempt at a very difficult task. A few detailed and rigorous studies have appeared on aspects of Chaucer's syntax and of late Middle English syntax, but far more must be done before an approach of this kind can be other than impressionistic.

The explanations are mostly clear and untechnical. The general reader will find himself looking more closely at Chaucer's words; and appreciating his craftsmanship in new ways.

The matter-of-fact omelette eater

M. F. Burnyeat

ROBERT NOZICK

Philosophical Explanations
746pp. Oxford University Press. £15.
019 8264722

Inside this huge, sprawling, self-indulgent volume there is one chapter, just over 100 pages, which really is what the whole aspires to be: a minor work of twentieth-century philosophy. The Chapter (to give it a capital of respect) has a strong, startling conclusion: I can know that I am eating an omelette even if I don't know that I am awake and not dreaming, even if I don't know that I am not just a brain floating in a vat, wired up by cunning scientists to receive omelette sensations in place of real eggs. It sounds like the outrageous claim that I can know that I am eating an omelette even if, for all I know, I'm not. But it isn't. It is an immensely subtle critique of the idea, which has dominated epistemology since Descartes, that our knowledge of ordinary matters of fact is put in jeopardy by those sceptical arguments which urge that, for all we know, we may be dreaming or floating, without hand or mouth, in the scientists' vat. The claim is that I don't know that I'm not dreaming, but that the sceptic and his opponent have been wrong to think I need to know it if I am to know that I am eating an omelette.

If only one could congratulate Robert Nozick on his achievement and proceed at once to discuss the Chapter as the brilliantly conceived and tightly argued masterpiece it is. Unfortunately, we must reckon with the Book, *Philosophical Explanations*. For the Book presents the Chapter as something it most certainly is not. Nozick would like us to read his discussion of knowledge and scepticism as an example of a new and morally better way of doing philosophy, flanked in this missionary role by its companion chapters "The Identity of the Self", "Why Is There Something Rather Than Nothing?", "Free Will", "Foundations of Ethics", "Philosophy and the Meaning of Life". The 750 pages of the Book thus formed are to pioneer a new mode of philosophy, one which stays close to the motives which inspire people to take up philosophy. But the actual results of this project betray a few, a confusion, in the ambition from which it starts.

"The Identity of the Self" is a hard-working contribution to the literature on personal identity, advancing a radical theory which envisages not only that I am can depend on which of the candidies available after some science fiction transformation is most like the old me but also that the likeness is partially determined by my own conception of myself. In this sense I make my own self and the bizarre possibility looms that two of us might justifiably identify ourselves with the same predecessor. The argument is bold and clever, but there is nothing especially innovative in its methods. True, when Nozick leaves society to cope with the problem of overlapping persons by means of the lock-up or extermination (for whom?), one begins to feel that the theorist is the one in need of control. But it is the next chapter, "Why Is There Something Rather Than Nothing?", which reveals that a large part of the huge mode of philosophy is just its lack of restraint. By the time one has struggled through this wild and woolly attempt to find a category beyond existence and non-existence, and marvelled at such things as the graph showing "the amount of Nothingness Force it takes to nothing some more of the Nothingness Force being exerted", one is ready to turn logical positivist on the spot.

Worse is to come. The remaining three chapters form a section entitled "Value" which constitutes over half the Book, some 350 pages and a complete disaster: rapid tedious, embarrassing pretensions. It is long time since a professional philosopher undertook to say so much, and succeeded in saying so little. One central claim is that value is organic unity. On this basis we are to be shown *inter alia* why "it is better and lovelier to be moral" (crumbs!). But of course

we aren't, and couldn't be. The notion of organic unity remains in Nozick's hands what it always was, a vagueness far too insubstantial and effete to carry such moralizing. And the moralizing goes on and on, an interminable swamp of nothingness, with only the occasional sparkle (for example, an intriguing Greek analysis of retributive punishment as an act of communication) to remind us that Nozick is a very clever philosopher indeed.

Listen now to the opening paragraph of *Philosophical Explanations*: "I, too, seek an unresolvable book: urgent thoughts to grapple with in agitation and excitement, revelations to be transformed by or to transform, a book incapable of being read straight through, a hook, even, to bring reading to stop. I have not found that hook, or attempted it. Still, I wrote and thought in awareness of it, in the hope this book would bank in its light. That hope would be arrogant if it weren't self-fulfilling - in fact toward the light, even from a great distance, is to be warmed. (Is it sufficient, though, when light is absent, to face in the direction it would emanate from?)"

That paragraph tells all: the first word, the nervously jokey parenthetical at the end, the cloudiness of the thought in between, and above all, the hope that the ambition to write a great work of philosophy will be self-fulfilling. The sadness of it is that a cheap paperback of the Chapter by itself would be a sure passport to the bookshelves of every student of philosophy.

Nozick, however, has his own picture of what he is about in both Book and Chapter. He develops a contrast between coercive and noncoercive philosophy. Coercive philosophy is full of arguments and proofs (Nozick does not bother with the elementary distinction between these two things), and argument is coercive because if your reader believes the premises he has to believe the conclusion - he is forced to believe something he may not have wanted to believe. Which is "not a nice way to behave toward someone" (nias, poor Euclid!). In place of proof as the goal of philosophy Nozick proposes to substitute explanation. He won't prove that I do know I am eating an omelette; he will explain how it is possible for me to do so in the face of the facts to which the sceptic draws our attention. Similarly, he will try to explain how I know of objective values, as possible in the face of the difficulties which appear to rule them out. Explanation is nicer, morally better, and answers to the original motivation for studying philosophy, which Nozick describes (in a desperately coercive contrast) as "a desire to understand, not a desire to produce uniformity of belief".

But hasn't a good deal of past philosophy been directed at exactly the sort of explanation that Nozick is seeking? Of course it has and Nozick admits it. If we take him at his word, the only novel novelty he proposes is to allow his explaining to be tentative and exploratory, to try out theories to see how they would explain something if they were true. The trouble is that this innocuous-sounding plea for liberty becomes, as the Book proceeds, a licence for unrestrained self-indulgence. Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world of philosophy, and because (the author of *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* sees in the discipline of proof) and truth nothing but the coarctateness of "thought-police".

There is more to be said about the hidden coerciveness of this vision (explanation vs proof = Nozick vs Stollin), but the distinction between philosophy that explains and philosophy that proves was originally devised, we are told, to fit the way Nozick found himself proceeding with the topic of scepticism. So let us turn, with relief, to the Chapter to see whether any such simple dichotomy does justice to Nozick at his splendid and subtle best.

Nozick characterizes scepticism in terms of an argument and a conclusion. The conclusion is that we know little or nothing of what we think we know. The argument is that this conclusion follows

from the premise that we do not know we are not dreaming or bobbing in a vat. Nozick's aim is not to establish that the conclusion is false, that we do know as much as we think we know. It is to offer an account of knowledge which has the consequence that, although the premise is true, the conclusion does not follow from it. What is so impressive about the Chapter is the way in which, first, the account of knowledge is recommended on its own very considerable merits - a host of difficult cases which have wrecked previous analyses of the concept are accommodated with amazing ease - and then it emerges, as a stunning bonus, that the account really does have the consequence just mentioned. But our question was, how this strategy promotes explanation over proof.

On anyone's reading the Chapter is full of good, tough, old-fashioned argument, first for a particular analysis of knowledge, and then for the claim that the sceptic's conclusion does not follow from his premise. If the latter argument is not demonstrative proof, that is because inevitably the analysis of knowledge is a hypothesis recommended by its explanatory power and by its capacity to deal with the recalcitrant counter-examples that will in due course (such is the ingenuity of philosophers) be brought against it. All the same, the Chapter comes as close to proof as interesting, substantive philosophy ever does: not indeed a proof that the sceptic's conclusion is false, but a proof that his argument for it is invalid.

What Nozick stresses, however, is that the argument will not convince the sceptic, whose own argument presupposes a different account of knowledge. That is, the Chapter is not designed to prove to the sceptic, in terms he will accept, that he is wrong. So what? Whether the argument does or does not constitute a proof of the invalidity of the sceptic's argument depends on whether Nozick's analysis of knowledge is correct, not on whether the sceptic accepts it. The idiosyncrasies of a sceptic's mind have nothing to do with whether an argument should count as a proof or as an explanation. And for all the noise Nozick makes about the distinction, I cannot myself see why someone who believes that Nozick's analysis of knowledge is correct should not say that the chapter both proves that the sceptic's argument is invalid and thereby explains how I can know I am eating an omelette even if I don't know I am not dreaming.

This does not mean that Nozick is wrong to say he has not refuted scepticism, means only that refuting scepticism means only the same as convincing a sceptic that he is refuted. The reasons why Nozick has not refuted scepticism are several. First, as Nozick himself emphasizes, he does not try to show that the sceptic's conclusion, "We know little or nothing of what we think we know" is false; he attacks only the argument for it. But second, scepticism need not express itself in a conclusion that doubts our claims to knowledge. From antiquity to the more common sceptical complaint has been that we have no good reason to believe the things we ordinarily accept as truths about the world - a more general and more challenging doubt. Finally, even with the discussion restricted to knowledge, Nozick attacks only one pattern of sceptical argument: a powerful and historically important pattern, to be sure, but neither history nor logic license Nozick's assertion that every argument for the conclusion that we know little or nothing of what we think we know will rely on a particular assumption which is false if Nozick's analysis of knowledge is correct.

The assumption in question brings us to the end of the Chapter, where we are no longer distracted by "new modes of philosophizing", if I know that I was eating an omelette, then I know also that my eating an omelette implies that I am not just a brain in a vat. I would also know that I am not just a brain in a vat. According to Nozick, the sceptic has to assume that this answer is "Yes". For the sceptic wants to argue that I don't know that I'm not just a brain in a vat, and therefore I don't after all know that I

am eating an omelette. (Technically speaking, the argument works by contraposition on the principle that knowledge is closed under known logical implication.) But on Nozick's analysis of knowledge the assumption is false. So the sceptic's argument is invalid.

The reason why the assumption turns out false is that Nozick has argued that what has to be added to a true belief to make it knowledge is that the belief "tracks the truth" in the following way: 1) I would not have the belief if it were false (my cognitive state is sensitive to falsehood), 2) I would have the belief if it were true (my cognitive state is sensitive to truth). A large part of the Chapter is taken up with the elaboration and defence of this notion of a belief tracking the truth, which is an important contribution to philosophy. And it is condition 1) which shows that I don't and can't know I am not just a brain in a vat. For if I were, I would still believe I was not, the scientists having wired me up to have omelette experiences exactly like those I am now enjoying at the kitchen table. Hence the sceptic was mistaken when he said, "Yes, you would know you were not just a brain in a vat if only you knew you were eating an omelette". I wouldn't, and therefore I don't have to know it in order to know that I am in fact eating an omelette.

This is certainly an argumentative tour de force. How much does it show (prove, explain)? Less, I think, than Nozick imagines, because of his rather etiolated conception of what scepticism is: just the one bare argument from premise to conclusion. Nozick professes to take the sceptical challenge seriously, but he does not comment on the fact that any sceptic who propounds the argument we have been discussing must be prepared to assert that I do know that my feeling on omelette implies that I am not just a brain in a vat. (Contraposition on the issue makes a distinction: either I don't know I am eating an omelette or I don't know that the implication holds.) The sceptic, as Nozick depicts him, has to be non-sceptical about logical knowledge in order to be sceptical about

our knowledge of empirical facts. Nozick does not inquire whether this half-heartedness is simply a temporary onslaught on logical knowledge more than he inquires whether a sceptic might not come back at the conclusion that we know little or nothing of what we think we know, by argument claiming (as sceptics argue) that our senses are never put to evidence of our senses is never put upon them would be making a free assault on the possibility of setting the conditions for knowledge we would thereby escape Nozick's critique.

But the most serious deficiency of Nozick's conception of the sceptic challenge is that the only question he raises for him is a question about knowledge. Historically, as I noted earlier, the sceptic's question has been "Do our beliefs bear any relation to the world at all?", not "Do they stand that very special relationship to a world which philosophers struggle to define when they talk about what makes a true belief into knowledge?" An affirmative answer to the second question implies, of course, a affirmative answer to the first. That why one cannot respond to scepticism is to try to prove that we have knowledge. But Nozick has tried to do this. He has not argued an affirmative answer to the second question. He has removed one obstacle to saying "Yes, we have knowledge". The entire repertoire of sceptic arguments for a negative answer to the first question remains unchecked. We may still doubt that we have any contact with the world at all.

From all this I do not conclude that Nozick has failed, but that he has succeeded in a smaller and philosophically more important way than the one he announced. The clarity with which he shows how his dream argument can be shown to be wrong is a small but very real achievement. But lovers of argumentative philosophy will recognize in this book a major advance.

My Experiences and I

Kathleen Lennon

HYWEL D. LEWIS

The Elusive Self
202pp. Macmillan. £12.
0 333 29106 9

For H. D. Lewis each individual self is a unique and ultimate reality, distinct from all other selves, although we can never express in what way distinct. However, each individual knows himself to be the individual he is, and just what this is like. The self is an entity over and above its states and experiences (and independent of the body) but the relation between the self and its experiences is very close, for it is only in the having of experience that the self exists. Should there be times (eg, of deep and dreamless sleep) when we are not experiencing then for those times we cease to exist. The self is a continuing entity, and identical subject for a range of experience. We cannot say what constitutes this identity: it is simply a brute fact, revealed via memories when we are aware of the same self in past experience, as present ones.

Professor Lewis contrasts this position with various recent alternatives, many of which he criticizes for attempting to give some account of that in which our identity consists. These he regards as mistaken attempts to state the unstable. They lead to paradoxes of the kind he finds in the writings, eg, of Derek Parfit, where the proffered conditions fail to yield determinate answers to questions of personal identity in the case of split

brains. Lewis's approach to the so-called problem cases is unequivocal. The self cannot divide, for necessarily one subject can integrate all the experiences of which it is subject. Whether some one of the divided persons with half my brain is identical to me is a question of fact, and depends on whether their experiences are experiences of the same pure self. If they are not then my pure memories of my experiences will be misremembered, for my memories would be of me experiencing and thus require identity.

There is something unsatisfying about this approach. Lewis recognizes that there must be something which distinguishes the case where person A is identical to person B, from cases where they are distinct. He says that something is indescribable. Now, if we are all aware of our own existence, and it is this awareness that invokes to support his claim about the existence of a unique and continuing pure ego.

In the problem cases, however, in which both of two distinct persons appear to be aware of the past in the first of many blacks to be brought to the Marston coast. A flourishing slave trade quickly developed, and by 1466 had reached the point where a Portuguese prince, assured a visiting Czech knight, Leo of Rozmizal, that his hundred enslaved, actually "a hundred and one" of more or less like battle, whose are sold here like cattle. This number was a high, as it was nearly everywhere.

At the expense of Spain

C. H. Wilson

JONATHAN I. ISRAEL

The Dutch Republic and the Haplanic World 1602-1661
478pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
£22.50.
0 19 826534 4

Some historians specialize in the rise of empires; others in their decline. Jonathan Israel does both. His study deals with the period 1602-61, which was equally decisive for the rise of the Dutch Republic and the decline of the Spanish Empire. At the heart of his thesis is his conviction that the latter can be adequately explained in terms of the former. He reaches this conclusion within a larger philosophy of history. The analysis of political events in the light of economic trends and vice versa ("this particular neglected path") offers us what is in fact the best prospect of progressing towards a more meaningful kind of history.

Dr Israel applies this method of viewing history to the long, second part of the struggle of the Eighty Years War, punctuated as it was by a sequence of attempts at peace from 1606 to 1650, and the final emergence of what he calls the "new Dutch-Spanish relationship" from 1648-61. Why, in spite of Spanish abandonment of all hope of reconquering the North, did the obstinate struggle continue? Dr Israel has no doubt of its status as "one of the most formative influences on the political and diplomatic history of all Europe during four decades."

No one will doubt that his achievement is of remarkable quality. His range and mastery of primary sources, in Spanish, Dutch, French, German, Italian and English alone establishes his claim to be an international historian of a high order. He is equally at home in his two main centres of research - Spain and the Netherlands - and his command of the literature covering their major economic and political problems is impressive. A series of maps and statistical tables is witness to his continued fidelity to his ideal of

combined historical analysis rather than the straight political narrative or purer economic analysis by which his problems and topics have often been covered by earlier writers.

The emergent text is nevertheless well-digested; it sometimes necessarily dense, it succeeds in avoiding obscurity and it is on the whole free of tiresome professional jargon. Both in its transitional argument and in its conclusions Israel's work will undoubtedly occupy henceforth an important place in the study of Spanish, Dutch and European history of its period.

What are his main conclusions? First, on both sides religion played an increasingly secondary role. Whatever it was, this was not a war of religion. It is less clear where its roots lay. On the Spanish side (Israel suggests), international balance of power, best suited Spanish needs, sacrificing disputed interests to the Dutch in order to strengthen Spain against France. Class interests were split, in Spain as in the Netherlands, where the major problem was the growing imbalance of the economy and the continued growth of the wealth and power of Amsterdam at the expense of the manufacturing towns of the south.

By and large, the conflicting economic factors cut right across class and were chiefly determined by locality and whether the groups concerned were active in trade, industry, bureaucracy or the army.

This is brave history. In its refusal to be content with simple generalization it reminds one (though in very different contexts) of the insistence of Peterhouse historians on the prime importance of factual detail and the centrality of chronology. All this is to be admired, though it does not make for easy comprehension. And here we must touch on what seems to be a weakness of the author's method of working. It emerges, for example, from his footnotes, which refer preponderantly to original sources. This means that his text and argument turn predominantly on his own subject - Dutch-Spanish relations. Surely, on the face of it, not unreasonable? True, but Israel seems never quite to make up his mind whether he is to deal dealing primarily with the limited issue

of the relationships between two powers, or whether that relationship was so all-powerful an influence on the destiny of both powers that other wider European relationships and movements can be ignored, at least played down. More attention to some of the secondary sources mentioned in his bibliography might have diluted the original flavour of his research but it would have allowed more weight to those and other forces (eg, Anglo-Dutch and Anglo-Spanish relations) which also influenced the rise and decline of his two selected powers. The perhaps exaggerated reliance on primary sources may mean that his study will be used more for its mastery of detail than for the validity of its general conclusions.

This weakness emerges when Israel frames his grand conclusions, for example on the decline of Spain. This, in his view, must be interpreted as "the impact of the changing relationship with the Dutch on Spain's economy. It is this which 'provides us with insights which would otherwise be perplexing

features of Spanish economic life during the period of decline". Those other factors and forces which other historians have diagnosed as important can be dismissed: "The underlying weaknesses which historians have traditionally seen as being at the root of Spain's decline - the unfavourable balance of trade, uncompetitive industries, vulnerable agriculture and heavy taxation - are in themselves largely irrelevant to the timing of Spain's decline."

Strong words: it is refreshing thrown out together, but does the analysis hold good? Even allowing that the historiography of the decline of Spain is replete with examples of runners - monetarist and moralist - jumping the gun, surely not. And for two reasons. First, the unfavourable balance of trade and uncompetitive industries of Spain were themselves a reflex of (*inter alia*) rising Dutch competition. That is to say, what Dr Israel regards as competing (but illusory) alternative explanations of

Spanish decline are in fact and in large measure identical with its own. It is surely impossible to eliminate from the argument the basically positive forces of Spanish government policy, above all the excessive levels of spending on military and naval adventures in pursuit of imperial ends, the bureaucratic muddle and the repression. Spanish critics began to draw attention to these long before Israel's period begins: they were still condemning them as strongly as ever (cf. Uztariz) in the eighteenth century. High taxation was an undoubted factor in the decline of both of Dr Israel's antagonists: in both cases resources were over-stretched, though for very different reasons.

Here the historian treads in some of the deepest waters of European economic history: it will be a long time before their mysteries are charted. Every universal historian remains open to doubt. Meanwhile Dr Israel is to be congratulated on a work of research as elegant as it is arduous.

According to Augustine

Henry Kamen

A. D. WRIGHT

The Counter-Reformation: Catholic Europe and the Non-Christian World 1480-1640.
Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£18.50.
0 297 78011 5

Counter-Reformation scholars in the English-speaking world may be divided rather arbitrarily into two camps: traditionalists who, along the lines of Janelle's now rather outdated textbook, stress the institutional aspects and treat the movement as primarily a crusade undertaken by the Jesuits; and those who, inspired largely by G. Le Bras's pioneering work on religious sociology and by the brilliant syntheses of Jean Delumeau, emphasize changes at the popular level. A. D. Wright's ambitious book

has something in common with both camps, but in the end tends towards the traditional approach, as his embracing life suggests. His preference for the broad rather than the local perspective is a little bit surprising, since the original material in the book is drawn almost exclusively from his PhD thesis on the Counter-Reformation in Milan under the Borromeos. All the strengths in his study, it must be said, derive from his Milan evidence; all the weaknesses from the attempt to set the case of Milan into a wider and more traditional context. This is not to gainsay the boldness of his concepts and the imaginative way in which he attempts to weld the many aspects of the Counter-Reformation together.

Wright takes as his basic and central theme the Augustinian heritage of pre-Reformation Europe, a subject which has been developed by many in the past in order to show the common sources shared by Catholics and Protestants, but which he further develops in order to show that "the model of Saint Augustine was influential" in the reform of institutions, an interesting argument which, however, appears to be based in concrete terms on examples from Milan, where the model of Saint Ambrose very quickly superseded that of Saint Augustine. Branching out from the Augustinian theme, Wright explores the immense dimensions of the Counter-Reformation throughout the world. Here he shows his remarkable command of the subject: despite the vast field he covers, including both reform in Europe (a strikingly good chapter) and the missions overseas, there are no significant factual errors in the book. Every page, moreover, displays a wealth of erudition. These fine qualities must nevertheless be set against problems of presentation and method.

One problem is, at a times, puzzling. The chapter on "Religion and Magic", for example, has almost nothing on magic, but deals instead with witch persecution (where Wright emphasizes that the phenomenon resulted from collective male persecution of females), nuns, marriage regulations, clerical immunity and Church finance. This variety of material makes it difficult to follow the argument. More important, because Wright does not specify to what extent Italian or Milanese developments are assumed to have been a unity of method and purpose throughout the Counter-Reformation. The chapter headed "Scholasticism and Science" likewise has almost nothing about either, unless one interprets the discussion of Galileo as being about science; instead, there are three pages on poor relief, seven on the convocation of the council of Trent. A beginner would be very confused indeed by the author's style of narrative, which involves ranging far and wide in time and space, bringing in

facts by allusion rather than direct references; this is certainly no book for the reader who does not already have a fairly full grasp of the subject. The chapter on "Political Similarities" provides, at random, a sample of Wright's style. Within one paragraph and the space of twenty lines, he manages to bring in Queen Elizabeth as Astraea, Le Bret as an absolutist, Charles I commissioning Rubens to do the ceiling of the Banqueting House, the House of Orange, the Synod of Dort, Sabbatai Zevi and Richelieu's *Political Testament*. Though full of admiration at its breadth of reading, a reader may be unable to extract clear meaning out of the rich mixture.

Which superb work has recently been done, in published books no less than unpublished theses, on the local impact of the Counter-Reformation. These studies have brought us closer to understanding the specific impact of the reform on the religious life of allegedly Catholic communities. Wright, by contrast, removes his gaze from the local and fixes it on the global, viewing the Counter-Reformation as a universal event covering nearly three centuries. He is here that his method must be questioned. It simply is not satisfactory to combine the evidence from Milan with examples from England and France, and assume that one has thereby identified a uniform movement. Space forbids extracting examples from the book where the hasty generalization applied to a whole continent seems to ignore the very real regional variations in the Counter-Reformation. It is significant that Wright's discussion of the Baroque, a notoriously difficult subject, becomes convincing only because the greater part of it is about Italy and Baroque.

In sum, this is a vigorously stated, well-argued, founded on extensive reading. It is, however, concerned more with the manifold religious-political institutions, art - of the Counter-Reformation than with its internal characteristics. The book gives no satisfactory impression of the religious aspects of the Counter-Reformation: its effect on popular consciousness (the sort of theme, for example, discussed by Peter Burke as "the triumph of Lent"), on religious practices (liturgy, carnivals), on belief - (the universalization of piety, as discussed in William Christian's recent *Local Religion in Sixteenth-Century Spain*). It is a good book, but more traditional than it needs have been. Wright shows in his bibliography that he is perfectly well acquainted with the direction of recent research. In his concluding chapter he justifies his choice of a global perspective (literally global - in the section on "Expansion" he ranges from Poland to Malabar and Manila), but I suspect that so broad a canvas hides major contradictions which should be exposed if we are to understand the Counter-Reformation from within.

By raid and by trade

C. R. Boxer

A. C. DE C. M. SAUNDERS

A Social History of Black Slaves and Freedmen in Portugal 1441-1555
227pp. Cambridge University Press.
£22.50.
0 521 23150 7

This book began life as a academic thesis, but it is none the less readable for that. The author has made good use of published Portuguese work on his field, but his book is largely shaped by his consultation of a large mass of documentary material in Portuguese provincial archives, as well as in those of Lisbon. The result does not contain any major surprises for readers familiar with the works of A. de Oliveira Marques and V. M. Magalhães Godinho; but A. C. De C. M. Saunders has treated the subject in much greater depth than either of them had occasion to.

Black slaves were present in the Iberian peninsula during the centuries of Moorish domination, but the author begins with the year 1441, when the first of many blacks to be brought to the Marston coast. A flourishing slave trade quickly developed, and by 1466 had reached the point where a Portuguese prince, assured a visiting Czech knight, Leo of Rozmizal, that his hundred enslaved, actually "a hundred and one" of more or less like battle, whose are sold here like cattle. This number was a high, as it was nearly everywhere.

"guesstimates" for most of this period, since many of the relevant records were destroyed in the great Lisbon earthquake and fire in 1755. In any event, it is clear that the number of slaves acquired in West Africa, originally by raiding, but thereafter by trading, steadily increased between 1441 and 1555.

Portugal was the first European country to have a considerable black population, which by the mid-sixteenth century probably numbered some 35,000 (32,370 slaves, 2,630 freedmen), roughly 2.5 to 3 per cent of the national total. Slaves were seldom the only source of labour, but they supplemented the work-force of hired hands and indentured labour. In industry and in agriculture, they were also prominent as domestic servants, whether of the rich, who liked to have an entourage of black slaves as evidence of status, or as a single slave such as the one described by a visiting English Capuchin friar at Lisbon in 1633 as being the sole support of a poor widow. The same friar also noted how the slaves were allowed to form religious processions on the feast day of Our Lady of the Snows (August 5), decked out in their tribal finery, or to clothe loaned by their owners. Black wet-nurses seem to have been popular with the upper-classes, and this may have helped to ease racial tensions, although the author does not deal with this point. At the bottom of the social scale, there was inevitably a blurred division between black slaves, black freedmen, and the lowest class of whites, so that later marriage was not uncommon, but infant mortality was high, as it was nearly everywhere.

King Manuel I passed a law that all slaves should be baptized as soon as possible after purchase or on reaching Portugal. Those blacks who were not

Muslims usually made no difficulties about exchanging African animism for Portuguese folk-Christianity. This did not require much spiritual effort. Jesuits working in the Northern province of Trás-os-Montes in the 1500s alleged that the local peasantry knew no more of their traditional faith than the recently baptized slaves from Guinea. However, a few free blacks became secular clergy, and a few others became lay-brothers in the Mendicant Orders.

Saunders gives an excellent survey of the mechanics of the slave-trade in its various developments before its spectacular growth in the second half of the sixteenth century. He also deals discerningly with the relatively few critics and doubters. These were concerned not so much with the validity of slavery, which was accepted by the Church, as with the abuses to which the slave-trade was subject. Most of these critics were Spaniards; but the most radical of all was a maverick Portuguese Dominican friar, Fernão de Oliveira. In a book on naval tactics, *Arte de Guerra no Mar*, which he published in 1555, he included a chapter, indignantly denouncing the slave-trade as being totally unjustified, legally, morally, and theologically. His spirited protest had no effect and was not even cited by other contemporary critics, such as Láz Casas, Mercado, Albornoz and Sandoval.

A copious bibliography and numerous notes testify to the author's wide and deep reading. The six illustrations are carefully selected from sixteenth-century Portuguese sources. Four maps, nine informative statistical tables, and an admirable index buttress a most impressive and welcome contribution to the peculiar history of the "peculiar institution" during the Golden Age of Portugal. Those blacks who were not

The cold-eyed terrors

Jim Crace

ELLEN GILCHRIST
In the Land of Dreamy Dreams
167pp. Faber. £5.95.
0 571 11965 4

Ellen Gilchrist's witty volume of "Short Fiction," in the Land of Dreamy Dreams, does its best to obscure its own considerable merits. With the connivance of its dust-jacket redomesticated, the collection masquerades as a hunt and loving examination of New Orleans and the Mississippi delta. Gilchrist's title is taken (and slightly misquoted) from the refrain to that jerky Southern fox-trot, *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans* ("In the Land of Dreamy Dreams"). Her text - with almost Miltonic confidence in the authority of proper nouns - is obsessively signposted with street names and Louisiana landmarks, from the Huey P. Long Bridge and the Audubon Park to the greenish stucco mansions on Esplanade Boulevard and the state tenements of the St Thomas Street project.

Yet it is only the outward apparel (and, to some extent, the narrative draw) of these engaging moral tales which evokes the South. New Orleans presents itself in clear, painstaking detail, but the broad demotic idiosyncrasies which define any city are neglected. Indeed, those few tales which foray north for their settings, the campus of Seattle University ("Sulicides") and the high-rise abortion clinics of Houston ("1957, a Romance") are barely distinguishable

in tone and demeanour from the majority set amongst the levees and bayous of the delta. But in the Land of Dreamy Dreams cannot be dismissed as little more than an anecdotal street plan. As the stories accumulate, Gilchrist's true obsession reveals itself. Municipal spirit of place is - despite the assertions of the blurb - a minor concern. The self-conscious parading of exact Southern locations is a protective screen beyond which an entirely different territory is explored and mapped. Gilchrist's "Land of Dreamy Dreams" is Adolescence.

Her characters, for the most part, are children subjected to the arbitrary dislocation of family life, and the "cold-eyed, white-armed... terrors" of puberty. Teenage Margaret, isolated and overweight, in "Generous Places," discovers hidden condoms in the pockets of her father's gaberdrine topcoat: "How do I know what the rubbers are? How do I know with such absolute certainty that they are connected with Christina Carver's mother and the pell that has fallen over our house on Calvin Boulevard?" In "Traveler," the wildest girl (and the biggest liar) in the Mississippi delta, plays little Southern Miss among the outside, fur soles, negligees, kimonos and the wrinkle creams of her dead aunt's dressing room. And eight-year-old Rhoda (in "1944") perches at the bar, sipping pink Shirley Temple cocktails and revelling in the adult world of love and grief with a newly-bereaved wartime bride, "I squirmed with delight beneath her approving gaze, enchanted by the dark timbre of her voice, the marvellous fuchsia of her lips and fingertips, the brooding glimmer of her widowhood." Together

they tap out the "Air Corps Hymn" on empty martini glasses.

These first-person narratives betray a sophisticated, narratively sensibility which at times goes beyond the years and understanding of the speaker. Another Rhoda, the ten-year-old chronicler of "Revenge" (this volume's masterpiece) describes, "a full moon... caught like a kite in the pecan trees across the river," and a waterside house which "shimmered in the moonlight like a jukebox alive in a meadow".

Occasionally, too, one detects in Gilchrist a loss of nerve with her fragile, modest plots, so that perfectly poised tales are laden (for ironic purposes, perhaps) with the ballast of a final prose sunset: "Then, like a woman in a dream, she walked on down the street, the rays of the setting sun making her path all the way to the bus stop at the corner of Annunciation and Nashville Avenue. Making her a path all the way... to a boy who was like no other. To the source of all water." And again: "Bebber walked on down the street, the rays of the setting sun making him a path all the way to her house, a little road to travel, a wide band of luminous and precarious order."

But if Gilchrist's narrative voices are sometimes less than authentic, and the writing is occasionally inappropriately earnest, the rewards elsewhere for her are a sustained display of delicately and rhythmically modulated prose and an unrelenting dissection of raw sentiment. Her stories are perceptive, her manner is both stylish and idiomatic - a rare and potent combination.

Hunter and hunted

Kevin Crossley-Holland

MARIE ELISE ROBERTSON
The Clearing
182pp. Atheneum. \$11.95.
0 689 11275 0

In the moonlight, a bobcat stalks a wounded deer. It can bide its time, for it will get the deer in the end; the bobcat knows it and the deer knows it. But what the bobcat does not know is that it is being tracked by a hunter. And what the hunter does not know is that he is being closely followed across the snowy wilderness by a woman, her gun raised...

Annie, battered in spirit and body, on the run from a disastrous marriage to Saul, has scooped up their four-year-old son Arie and made for the abandoned hunting cabin up north that used to belong to her father. There she intends to live low through the harsh winter. She buys a coyote of seasoned hardwood for twenty-eight dollars; the falling snows soon cover the tracks made by her truck; no one, not even Saul, will find them.

But the injuries we sustain travel with us, and Marie Elise Robertson's novel is notable for its powerful evocation of emotional forces. Annie's retreat with her son provides her only with immediate breathing space. She begins to delight in simple occupations, chopping wood, making oatmeal, and is nourished by her dependent and desperate love for her son:

"I love you," he told her.
"I love you too, baby."
She parted the fine hair on his head with her breath, touching him with her hands, the way wild animals leak foreign smells from the fur of their young.

But she cannot escape the sense of being watched, being followed, and she is prey to dark thoughts about her marriage.

After she discovers a sweatshirt and

sleeping bag in the attic of the cabin, and then stumbles on footprints in the snow, Annie's fear borders on hysteria. Saul? Even here? No, it's Jake, a hunter, who has suddenly waited until he is certain of his prey? watched you, knew what you looked like, thought how it would be... always there, in the back of your mind... and brazenly barges into the lives of Annie and Arie. Arie is glad of male company and Jake takes a liking to him - he fashions toys for him, teaches him how to hold a gun. Annie washes Jake's shirts, lies back at night, and is overcome with shame when he makes her desire him. She finds it almost unendurable that she should in effect be forced over agile to live her life with him. Saul, she hates "seeing him stand with his back to the stove as though he had every right, as though it were all his, everything he touched," and she plans revenge.

Marie Elise Robertson, author of one previous novel, *After Toys* (1980) and a much earlier collection of stories, *Jordan's Story Books* (1981), knows all about suspense. In simple, astute language and brief startling chapters she slowly increases the tension within the snowbound cabin. One man, one woman, one child: only one of them will survive the harrowing winter and walk out of the woods.

The Clearing is an unhappy and unsettling novel. Its mainstays are the relationship of hunter and hunted, and the nature of revenge. There is no point at which Annie is not aware of either Jake or Saul or both, and no point at which she does not contemplate vengeance - vengeance against the tyranny of two men or, it seems to Annie, every man.

One acknowledges Robertson's astute portrayal of dominating man and stricken woman, and winces at the innocence of childhood caught between them; one admires the crystalline and subtle descriptions of the snowbound north; at a pinch, one can scarcely welcome such an embittered and obsessive little story.

Hanging in there

Stephen Brook

DON ZACHARIA
The Match Trick
236pp. Hutchinson. £7.95.
0 09 149750 7

The recipe for the Standard American Novel (there are in fact a number of recipes with different regional flavourings; this one hails from the East Coast) is as follows. Take two or more Jewish professional couples; place in suburban Long Island; add precocious children; stir in adultery; throw in the names of expensive French wines; if mixture fails to rise add heavy doses of psychotherapy; sprinkle with kinky sex; decorate with poignancy and irony; wrap in spicy blurb and your book is ready to serve.

Don Zacharia's *The Match Trick* has all these ingredients, plus a few that are optional, such as tedious reminiscences of teenage macho sporting triumphs. Such formulaic performances can be successful - and persuasive, but Zacharia's is sleek, self-conscious and diffuse. Sooner after it opens Noel Roth and his neighbours Phil and Phoebe are waiting up for Noel's wife Susan, who is unconsciously absent. It gradually emerges that she's having a one-night stand with a high-school hero who has just come back east after a decade in Ohio. The next day it's reported that she and her lover have been killed by a falling air-conditioner (death with bitterness come overtones - just as the formula requires). Noel has to cope with her death, their children, isolation and so forth. He responds weirdly, yet by the end of the novel (which is signalled by the absence of additional chapters) we gather that he has more or less pulled himself together.

Zacharia is not without invention or humour. There are moments of farce that are genuinely entertaining; Noel's children, and his friendship with Phil and Phoebe, are convincingly depicted. Yet the novel's pretensions require us to take the action as seriously as the protagonists do, and this is hard. Behind the wryness and sophisticated lies that insistence on sensitivity that bedevils so much contemporary American fiction. Not only does it neglect his characters; but admitting it, he demands forgiveness: "I guess you could say I have a problem, and all I can say is for you to hang in there with me because I just can't always be this way. And I love you." Anything goes, it appears, as long as we recognize that deep down Noel is sensitive and caring.

The sex scenes are especially odd. After Susan's death, Noel secretly visits a "devastatingly beautiful" woman who makes a point of inflicting maximum sexual humiliation on him with the rest of the novel studies and, apparently, the author.

POLITICS

High rise lowdown

J. N. Tarn

PATRICK DUNLEAVY
The Politics of Mass Housing in Britain, 1945-1975: A Study of Corporate Power and Professional Influence in the Welfare State
447pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £17.50.
0 19 827426 2

Housing is an emotive subject today, a matter for mutual recrimination among all the interested parties and for general public criticism. Why? Some would say that because it has become subject to government policy, an issue which involves votes, it has long since ceased to be a matter for rational discussion. It could be argued that since 1945 politicians have manipulated the housing market for their own private political gain and that those to be housed were only ciphers in a gigantic game. Patrick Dunleavy would argue that mass housing was, after 1945, big business as well as politically significant: the bogey-man of the architects and the system builders, the housing managers and the planners - in fact, the conflict has been one between the idealism of the welfare state and the reality of a capitalist society.

If the subject has aroused passion, the thoughtful literature on it is slim and this book is to be welcomed because it is a serious contribution to our understanding of housing policies over three important decades. But it is only a partial study since Dunleavy deals specifically with high-rise building and he argues a particular thesis concerning the distortion of policy by designers and the big construction groups. The role of government is not given the

prominence it deserves in an era when, for the first time perhaps, central government began to exert a significant influence on the nature of building more generally and not just on housing.

The author is a lecturer in Government at the LSE and his approach is that of the political scientist. The work began as a PhD thesis and it still has that tinge of over-intellectualization so characteristic of books made from theses. Its detailed statistical analyses are also fairly heavy going, although as a source of information the book is useful.

Its centrepiece is a series of three studies of housing policy in widely differing contexts: an Inner London borough, Newham; a major provincial conurbation, Birmingham; and a large free-standing city, Bristol. It is merely coincidence that Newham produced the Roman point disaster and Birmingham the Maudslayi scandal; while Bristol, a city with a strong high-rise policy, can show some violent reversals of policy but no skeletons in the cupboard? The three studies make fascinating reading; of local political intrigue, duels between local politicians and government, battles between officers and members, the predatory role of the system builders. Taken together they illustrate all the frailty of human nature, and they have, in a political sense, the ring of truth about them. If all power corrupts, then those who exercise power over housing finance are certainly no exception. But many of the changes and U-turns recorded here were explicable, and the tensions are part of local democracy. What is alarming is not so much the potential for corruption but the evident lack of human concern in so many people who, in a welfare state, might be regarded as of the people.

But as one who has lived through this period I must add a caveat. Society as a

whole shared many of the aspirations here attributed to architects, planners and engineers - the design of high-rise housing in the context of changing financial policies, and all the complex social, economic, design and construction pressures that can be brought to bear nationally as well as locally. Dunleavy's approach is analytical: he first identifies the culpits and then goes on to assess the national factors in terms of political theory, concluding that "elements of neo-Marxist analyses stressing the political power of private capital and questioning the interpretation preferred by decision-makers of the purposes of state intervention were found to have considerable accuracy". Now this is undoubtedly true of the process, but I doubt whether it is true of the product. Nor would I entirely Pluralist. Particularly, his view of the latent professionalism of administration and all that flows from it. But here I must admit to a healthy professional bias.

These, however, are interim

conclusions; later, Dunleavy admits that "the case studies have revealed that despite a very considerable diversion of research effort into an attempt to discover a conventionally 'political' process on high-rise, no such process could be uncovered", and concludes that high-rise issues, at least in his own case studies, appear to be "more determined than determinants".

The book is undoubtedly useful for the light it casts on local government in operation, and on the problematical relationship between national policy-making and its local implementation. The implications for professionals are sobering: they have failed to impress upon government their professional opinion, they have danced to whatever political tune was being played. The implication for the building industry is one of technical inadequacy. More studies of British cities and their housing policies would undoubtedly fill out the picture, but I doubt whether any broad conclusions would differ greatly from the findings of this particular study.

Driving on the left

Ben Pimlott

ALAN WARDE
Consensus and Beyond: The development of Labour Party strategy since the Second World War
243pp. Manchester University Press. £19.50.
0 19 50 0849 2

A political scientist from outer space once turned up at Labour's Walworth Road headquarters and asked to be directed to the Labour Party. Smiling at such a display of civility, the Head of Publicity arranged a political tour. The extra-terrestrial visitor was thereupon taken to the Party Conference which happened to be in session, and then to a particularly acrimonious meeting of the PLP. There followed a key-hole glimpse of the workings of the NEC, participant observer studies of a local General Committee and ward branches, and an excursion to a union regional executive. Meetings of the Fabian Society and Paolo Zlon were thrown in at the end for good measure. "Thank you very much," said the puzzled scholar when this exhausting round was over, "but I asked to be shown the Labour Party. Where is it to be found?"

Such a problem of identification is not restricted to intergalactic investigators. Labour's own activists, not to mention political journalists and ordinary British citizens, are often similarly troubled. Unlike other British parties, which consist, more or less, of the sum of their members variously organized, the Labour Party is an indefinable abstraction - a name-tag for an odd conglomeration of interests and glibnesses among whom

the issue of sovereignty is a matter of perpetual dispute. Ernest Bevin's famous comment that the Labour Party "grew out of the bowels of the TUC" was more than a historical statement of fact - it reflected an attitude towards the political wing of the movement which made unionists have always held. On the other hand, there have been those who have seen the trade union element as at best a back-up for their own conception of the party's role - whether as an instrument of mild social reform, or as the catalyst of social revolution. It has not just been a matter of two types of membership, individual and affiliated, but of which dog ought to wag what tail.

In this interesting though infuriatingly jargon-ridden book, Alan Warde rightly stresses that the crucial factor in Labour's internal history has not been the bogus dilemma of Left-versus-Right, but the shifting attitudes and alliances of the trade unions. "Union decisions to support different factions in the Party are less reflections about ideological 'niceties'," he maintains, "and more calculations about their members' interests." Quite so. If Labour looks more "left-wing" to-day than it did in 1979, this has to do with trade union irritation over the last Labour government's wage restraint and the winter of discontent, rather than with any supposed change of heart among the rank and file, or an alleged Trotskyist plot to take over the consciousness.

It is Warde's thesis that throughout Labour's post-war history, it has been the unions that have determined which direction the party should take. First came the Gaitskellite "Social Reformists", supporters of free collective bargaining, planning and mixed economy. Then there was

the heyday of the "Technocratic Collectivists" who believed in the Wilsonian doctrine that salvation lay in making the mixed economy more efficient. It was the bankruptcy of this approach which led the unions, in despair, to abandon the traditional party leaders and create a new alliance with the Labour Left. Briefly the old, defunct "post-war consensus" Labour's own patent - returned in the form of the Social Contract. The failure of this fragile agreement to give the unions what they were seeking led to the overt class politics that exists in the Labour Party in the early 1980s, and to the "emergence" of what the author calls "a coherent democratic socialist strategy" for the first time since 1945.

Warde is implicitly hostile to Labour Party moderation, laying it at the door of "sectional-corporatist" tendencies within the unions, and of Labour's subservience to "the electoral logic of a plebiscitary, liberal-democratic, political system in which, de facto, MPs must be responsive to individual voters in constituencies". It is passages like this that make the book heavy going: the author is no believer in using one short word where a dozen long or obscure ones will do. Thus we have "integrated" for clothing; and "uncover" for "irresolvable"? The aim is apparently to "provide a re-interpretation of the trajectory of the Party since the war and an indication of the permanence of the constraints which make the Party such a curious institution". This sounds inauspicious. Wisely, however, Warde makes no predictions, and instead provides a thoughtful examination of trends in post-war Labour thinking and policy, delving beneath ideologies and traditions and looking at the social forces which lie beyond them.

Breeding losses

Phyllis Willmott

DIANE GITTINGS
Fair Sex: Family Size and Structure 1900-1990
240pp. Hutchinson. £12.
0 09 145490 5

In the fifty years between 1801 and 1851 the population of England and Wales nearly doubled. By the end of the century it had almost doubled again, although the birth-rate by then was noticeably declining. It is assumed that the decline was because the middle classes had begun to take note of what their betters - the upper classes - had been doing: from "much earlier" between 1900 and 1939 a dramatic decline in working-class fertility followed.

The main question *Fair Sex* poses is whether this process was indeed as

of "diffusion" downwards of the desire for small families. The author believes this is too simplistic and aims to seek some "alternative explanations". She has an implicitly feminist perspective and a key plank in her argument is that women's pattern of work before and after marriage could be a crucial influence that has been ignored, and one likely to affect power relationships both within and outside the family.

In search of evidence Diane Gittings uses three principal sources: census data from 1801 and 1911, an analysis of 300 individual case records that had survived in a Manchester and Salford birth control clinic for the years 1928-33, and "in-depth" interviews with elderly women (ten each in Essex, Lancashire and South Wales, born between 1893 and 1915). It is an ambitious and to some ways original approach which is unfortunately overwhelmed by the mass of detail.

material is presented; it is a hook to glean from but it is wearisome to read straight through. Gittings concludes that the motivation to limit family size is as important as the means of doing so, and the rightly plots out that such motivation certainly existed among some sections of the working classes long before 1910. A shade reluctantly, she accepts that, indirectly, class influence (not "diffusion") was real, but maintains that it was not simply a matter of the working class catching on to middle-class ways. A more complex combination of factors associated with general economic changes, increased state intervention in health and education and so on as well as trade union demands, all played some part. She also concludes that improved access to contraception, and the original nineteenth century, may have

History or fantasy

Brian Morton

NATALIE L. M. PETESCH
Duncan's Colony
212pp. Ohio University Press. \$21.95 (paperback) \$39.95.
0 840 0401 3

Like Joan Didion, Natalie Petesch is most effective when she explores the dynamics of small, heterogeneous groups. Didion's novels and essays abound with closed, esoteric circles of people poised between delicate self-absorption and some confrontation with "real history" - Esalen, Jim Jones's People's Temple, Puppert republics, even *The Doors* in the studio, rock'n'roll dangled between poetry and demagoguery. Petesch's control of such confrontations is less certain, but her fiction is littered with similar groups, their inward, self-supporting ways of life, their ideologies and eschatologies. She is concerned with "communities", "colonies", "extreme and isolated political rankings (the Black Muslims, unnamed revolutionary groups) - the backgrounds to her fictions are remarkably consistent - TB hospitals, a penal colony, the Russian-Jewish ghetto of her native Detroit (one character insists on calling American cities ghettos).

The self-willed isolation of Didion's characters heightens both their own tragic frontier and our sense of the insistent pressure of historical reality. Natalie Petesch tends to push historical fact and her characters' interaction with it too explicitly; her protagonists are diminished and her grasp of "history" is weakened as a result.

The problem is avoided rather than solved in *The Leprosarium*, an early novel, in which Petesch creates a dystopian "fantasy" (with an unexpectedly affirmative ending) out of bits and pieces of Huxley and Orwell. The real interest of the novel lies in her careful compilation of the machinery of the penal colony; Kafka could be cited as a source were the story not so philosophically inconsistent. A second novel (collected with *The Leprosarium* under the title *Searches Such as These*) avoids the uneasy mixed metaphors of Petesch's

attempts at allegory. *The Long Hot Summers* of Yasha K. sets its tubercular protagonist, another Russian Jew, against the myth of Black Power, the Detroit riots of 1943 and the civil rights movements of the 1960s. Yasha Kalokovich is torn between his childhood friend Mosely, a black war-hero and CORE organiser, and his "high yellow" mistress Liza, who gives up her life as a nightclub performer to become a Muslim after Yasha forces her to have an abortion. Yasha's illness and his work as a doctor are used to lift him above and beyond normal moral considerations; his involvement with the civil rights movement is an unconvincing historical peg, and Petesch's attempt to portray the race war through Yasha's and Liza's sexual struggle fails to come off.

Duncan's Colony is in every way surer and more successful. The cast comprises: Dsacan, a former seminary; Klara (b 1900), arrived in the United States from Russia before the First World War; Michele, a young poet; Pinosh, a puppeteer; Malcolm, a mycologist; Andrea, Malcolm's wife; Jennifer, a student, aged fourteen; and Carillo, a revolutionary, formerly in Vietnam. They have taken refuge in a remote part of the American Southwest in an attempt to survive the nuclear holocaust they believe is inevitable. They are a gentler, 1960s version of today's Survivalists. Cuba has passed, Vietnam looms. Again, Petesch stresses the group's isolation from history, though here she resists the temptation to sketch in a contemporary historical background, relying instead on each character's recreation of his or her own past as sufficient cause for their presence in the colony and as part of the "history" that has brought America and the world to the brink of disaster.

In the colony, new rules, a new Decalogue, are drawn up; only to be swiftly broken (the book begins to appear from the outset). Newspapers and radio are forbidden; the outside world will, the members believe, assert itself all too soon. Malcolm, however, hides a radio in a cave. The prohibition against increasing the colony's numbers is broken first when Carillo appears out of the desert and again when he makes Jennifer pregnant. Division and tension are built into the

experiment almost too consciously - whether by Petesch herself or the self-declared Duncan is not immediately clear.

With its fragmented narrative, delivered by each of the protagonists in turn, *Duncan's Colony* is most successful as a consideration of the nature of our fictions. As a child Duncan was led astray. In the eyes of his fundamentalist foster-parents, by the theatre; as a child he grows to identify Catholicism with the stage. In the group it is he who tries to reconcile reality and fantasy, the true and the illusory (whether religious or theatrical). For the others, reality or fantasy are enough. Pinosh inhabits a dream-world; Jennifer, absurdly horny at fourteen, relents her life in "Dear Diary" chunks; Malcolm, kept together by keeping apart in the tiny claustrophobic community; Michele, the poet, tries to turn it all to art; Klara dreams of her imperial past and Carillo of some post-imperial future.

The schematization is perhaps inevitable yet, on the whole, the book does not suffer by it. The characters are brought together in an artificial hut foredoomed way, like the people of San Juan Rey (Thornton Wilder's self-consciously evoked). What is impressive is Petesch's ability, with such slender means at her disposal, to give a sense of the variety of American pasts and an impression of what it was like, how it felt, to be so American in 1965, how it felt to survive Cuba and Vietnam and keep sane enough to survive Richard Nixon.

Again like Didion's Natalie Petesch's prose is weighted with allusion to an uncomfortable extent. At best it is evocative, at worst, querulous. But Petesch is unquestionably one of the most interesting young Americans writing today. She has absorbed recent movements in American fiction - fabulation, the non-fiction novel, SF, feminism - and synthesized a voice and style - distinctively her own. Her uncertainties and her range are expressed by the most extreme of Duncan's acolytes, the puppeteer, as he whistles a figure for Michele: "Who shall it be? Alice in Wonderland or Lady Jane Grey? History or fantasy?"

Town Hall blues

Iain McLean

HOWARD ELCOCK and MICHAEL WHEATON
Local Government: Politicians, professionals and the public in local authorities
320pp. Methuen. £11.95 (paperback, £5.95).
0 416 85750 7

Flinders and Swann used to sing that "The English are Moral, the English are Good, and I am Clever, and Modest, and Misunderstood." People who work in local government feel that they are all of these things, particularly the last. Disguised as a student text, this book is a plea for understanding local government from inside. The authors are academics who have also been leading councillors on Humberside. Michael Wheaton, a politician from Hull, they say, is the Tide of Humber would be a complaint, that local government is not all, or even very much, a matter of corruption and bumbledom. In fact it is all too easy a scapegoat for other people's inconsistency and failure to think out the consequences of their decisions and non-decisions. We all want healthy, autonomous, local democracy, but we also complain whenever we get poorer services than the citizens of the neighbouring council, even though autonomy must entail the right to give a lower standard of service. Central government sets local authorities new jobs to do, and then turns round and complains about the bureaucracy at the Town Hall. Councils have no way of raising money except by rates, which are inefficient, inflexible and regressive. "So something about the council should be disposed of - as long as they don't let it all the end of Everybody's garden."

The book is good at describing such situations, and when it attacks local government it does so on sound, albeit unoriginal, grounds. Some of the proposals in the 1970s for separate government in the city, which is a pity, were silly: how do you

council, for example? Why are general administrators the lowest form of life at the Town Hall, in stark contrast to the Civil Service? Nevertheless, the authors miss some tricks. A chapter headed "Planning: from town mappers to master scientists?" leads us to expect a fine denunciation of the grandiose pretensions of structure planners. We do get some good, waspish stuff about public participation ("This cause, which has been promoted by a number of progressive politicians, notably Anthony Wedgwood Benn, is in practice imposed a further obstacle to change and progress"). Watch out, Councillor Elcock - the Thought Police will be after you. In the end, Howard Elcock swallows arguments that ought not to be swallowed, about the objective truth of structure planning and cost-benefit analysis. He is a mild enthusiast for corporate management, but surely for the wrong reasons. He has a naive belief that it could bring about truly integrated social services and the end of child-care disasters and the like, but no amount of corporate management, or institutional reform, will ever guarantee that the teacher, the social worker, and the paediatric registrar actually do compare notes about little Darren's failure to thrive.

There are problems of style and presentation, too. Local government is unfairly treated in this country, but this book will probably fail to convert the critics. They may not notice the missionary fervour that lies behind the fluffed story ("The fire service... its duties are to prevent fires and to extinguish them once they have started"). But on the other hand, they may notice the (relative) passion with which Elcock and Wheaton explore dilemmas they have actually faced themselves as councillors (gypsy sites, disappearing allotments, democratic control of the police), and be put off by the dry way they describe services they have no experience of (education, passenger transport), where they offer merely a rather tired rehash of other people's analyses. The authors have called it a book for "the public", but government in this, which is a pity, is not for the public. It is for the